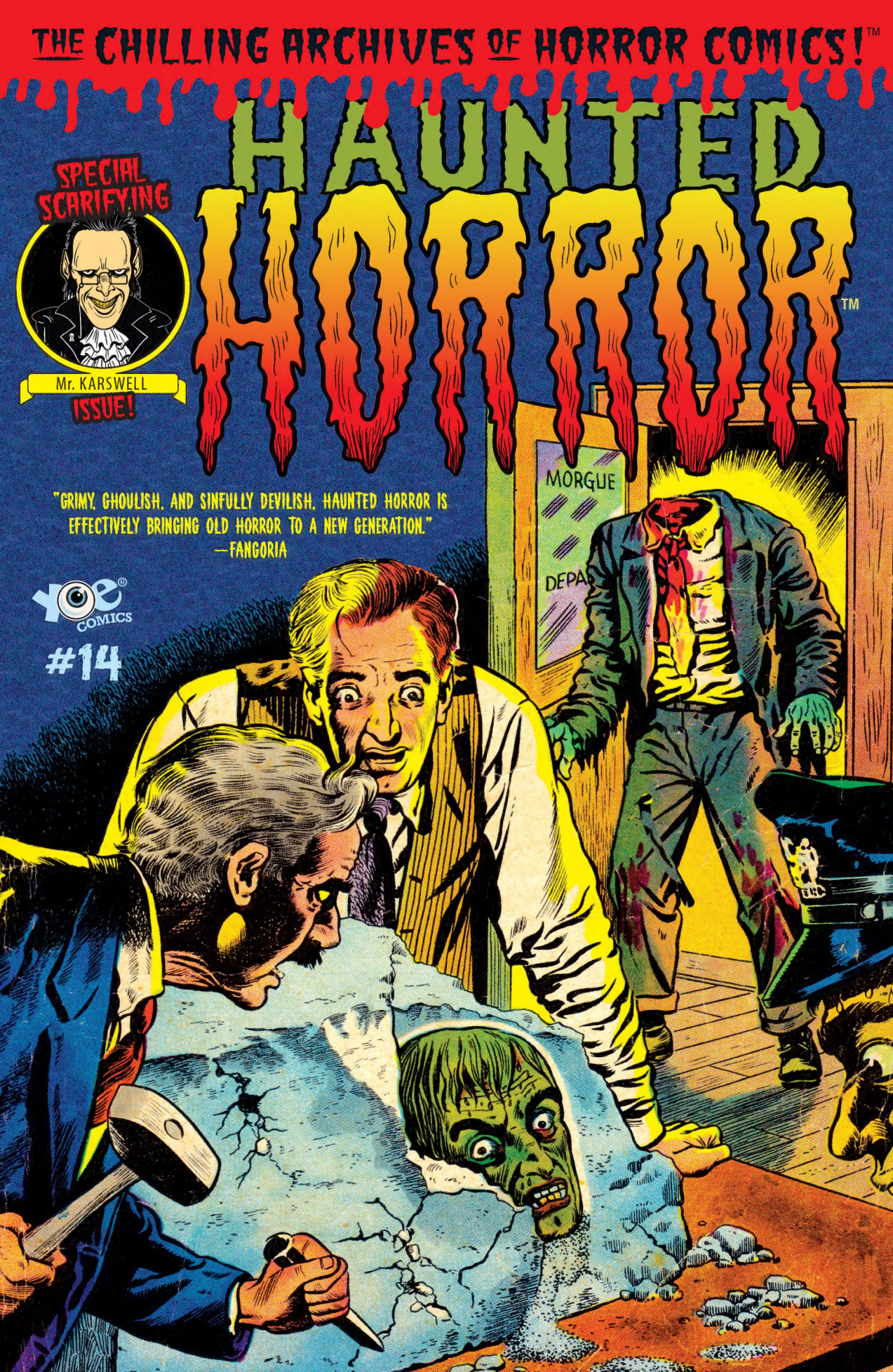
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SPECIAL SCARIFYING
Mr. KARSWELL
ISSUE!
HAUNTED HORROR™
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—FANGORIA
YOE® COMICS
#14
MORGUE
DEPA

MR. KARSWELL

SEASONS GRIEVINGS, ONE AND ALL! YOU'VE SOMEHOW SURVIVED OUR 13TH ISSUE AND ARE BACK FOR THIS VERY SPECIAL, EXTRA SICKENING DEADITION OF HAUNTED HORROR FEATURING A SKIN-CRAWLING COLLECTION OF ATROCITIES POISONALLY HANDPICKED BY ME, MR. KARSWELL, FROM MY AWFUL ARCHIVE! ZOMBIES, GHOSTS, MAN-EATERS, AND MORE GORE THAN YOUR MANGLED LITTLE MOPS CAN EVER HOPE TO HANDLE AWAIT! DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS NOW, OR YOUR SOULS, AS WE ARE GHOST CERTAINLY ON A DREADFULLY DECAPITATED ROLL! HEE HEE!
ARTFF. 9/12

Art by
Art Fuentes

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If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

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Death's REVENGE!
HARDENED KILLERS FELT THE CLAMMY HANDS OF FEAR ON THEIR HEARTS AND THE CHILL OF THE GRAVE IN THEIR BONES WHEN THEIR MUTILATED VICTIM APPEARED TO CLAIM. . .
G-GET AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE DEAD!
DEAD, BUT NOT BURIED!
A LONG NIGHT IN JIM REARDON'S SWANK APARTMENT... AND BY MORNING HE'D LOST FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO TWO FRIENDS...
BUT AXEL, REARDON'S RIGHT HAND MAN, HADN'T PLAYED! HE HAD WATCHED... AND WHEN THE WINNERS LEFT...
TOUGH LUCK, JIM!
BUT NICE FOR US!
I'M CLEANED OUT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!
THEY TOOK YOU, BOSS! I TRIED TO TIP YOU OFF BUT YOU WOULDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION! THEY FED EACH OTHER CARDS ALL NIGHT!
SO THAT WAS IT! MY PALS! THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS!
1.

Mysterious Adventures #16, October 1953. Attributed to Doug Wildey. Publisher: Story Comics.

WHAT'LL YOU DO, BOSS?
KILL THEM! I'M COUNTING ON YOU, AXEL! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT GETTING CAUGHT! NOBODY'LL SEE YOU COMING OR GOING! THEY'LL SEE DAN PATCH!

MEMORIES...

YES, OF A MAN NAMED PATCH WHO HAD GROWN TIRED OF LIVING OUTSIDE THE LAW AND HAD MADE A VISIT TO THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

THE BOYS WANT TO SEE YOU, DAN! THEY WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR CHAT WITH THE D. A.!
I'M NOT AFRAID OF THEM! I'M THROUGH BEING AFRAID!
DISTRICT ATTORNEY COUNTY OF

BUT DAN'S FORMER FRIENDS COULD ...AND THEY DID! ON A LONELY LOT OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

SLOWLY... BRUTALLY, THEY MURDERED HIM... BREAKING HIS BONES... CUTTING AT HIS FLESH... UNTIL WHAT WAS LEFT BARELY LOOKED LIKE A MAN...

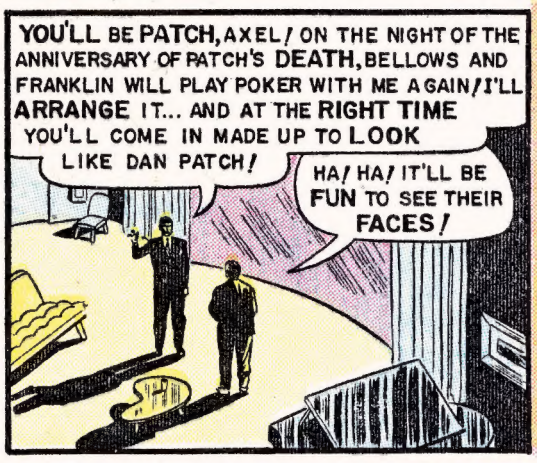
YOU DIDN'T THINK WE'D KILL YOU THE EASY WAY, DID YOU, DAN? NO, THAT'S FOR NICE GUYS! THIS IS WHAT DOUBLE-CROSSERS GET!
HACK!
AGHH
CHOP!
RIP!

THEN AS DEATH MERCIFULLY CAME TO DAN PATCH'S RESCUE...

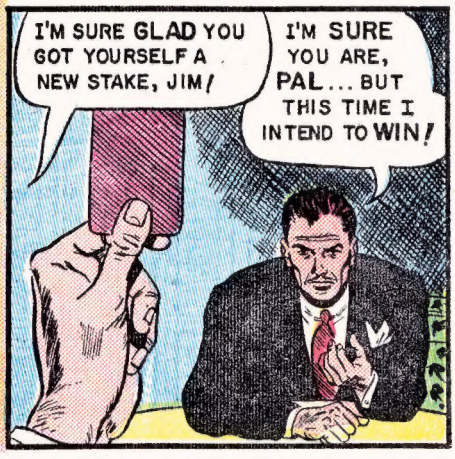
MEMORIES OF A FOUL AND BRUTAL MURDER NOW CAME BACK TO PROD THE SCHEMING BRAIN OF JIM REARDON...

BUT I DON'T GET IT, BOSS! HOW DOES PATCH FIT IN NOW?
IT'S SIMPLE, AXEL! FRANKLIN AND BELLOWS PUT ONE OVER ON ME! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY THINK A DOUBLE-CROSSER DESERVES! REMEMBER WHAT THEY TOLD PATCH?

JUST KILLING 'EM WOULD BE TOO EASY! EVEN SMASHING THEM UP LIKE THEY DID PATCH WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH! THEY'RE GOING TO TASTE TERROR FIRST... DAN PATCH IS GOING TO KILL 'EM!
PATCH? SURE, HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT REVENGE... BUT IT'S RIDICULOUS, BOSS! HOW CAN YOU BRING PATCH BACK?


YOU'LL BE PATCH, AXEL! ON THE NIGHT OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF PATCH'S DEATH, BELLOWS AND FRANKLIN WILL PLAY POKER WITH ME AGAIN! I'LL ARRANGE IT... AND AT THE RIGHT TIME YOU'LL COME IN MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE DAN PATCH!
HA! HA! IT'LL BE FUN TO SEE THEIR FACES!

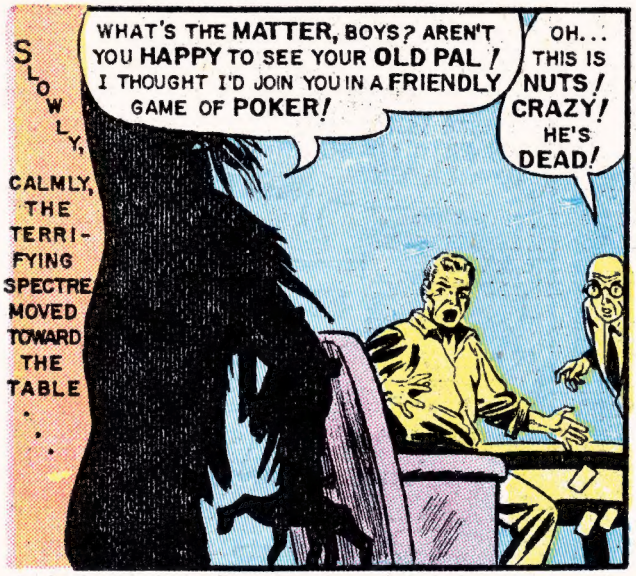
REARDON THREW THE BAIT OF NEWLY ACQUIRED MONEY BEFORE BELLOWS AND FRANKLIN...AND RISING TO IT, THE PAIR INVITED HIM TO PLAY AT THEIR PLACE ON THE NIGHT REARDON HAD CHOSEN...



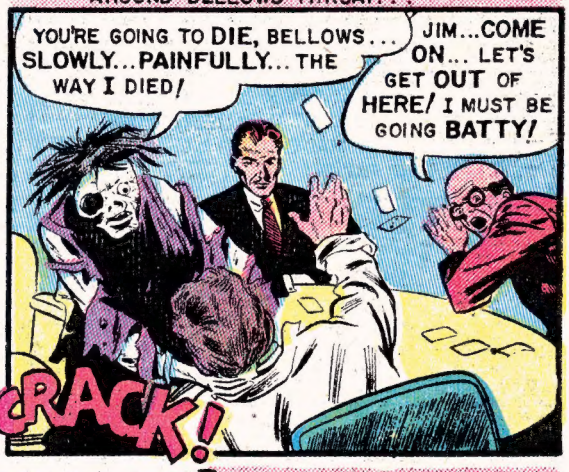
AS THE GAME PROGRESSED, REARDON BROUGHT UP THE NAME OF DAN PATCH...

FUNNY, US BEING HERE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF DAN'S DEATH! HE USED TO LIKE A GOOD POKER GAME!
AH—H... LET'S FORGET THAT STOOLIE! HOW MANY CARDS!

AND JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT...


SLOWLY, CALMLY, THE TERRIFYING SPECTRE MOVED TOWARD THE TABLE . . .
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOYS? AREN'T YOU HAPPY TO SEE YOUR OLD PAL! I THOUGHT I'D JOIN YOU IN A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER!
OH... THIS IS NUTS! CRAZY! HE'S DEAD!

SUDDENLY RELENTLESS FINGERS CLOSED AROUND BELLOWS THROAT. . .

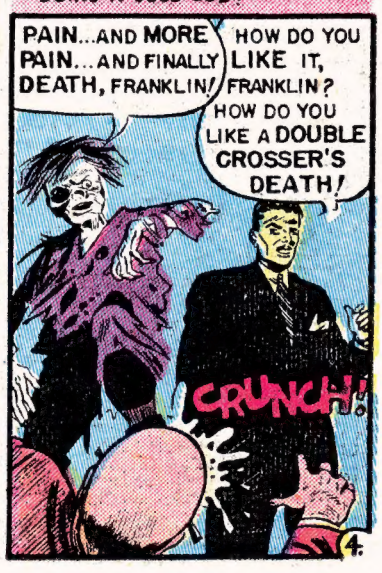


BUT INSTEAD OF SEEKING ESCAPE, JIM REARDON MANAGED TO KEEP FRANKLIN IN THE ROOM . . .

NO...WAIT... WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE THIS OUT! MAYBE IT'S OUR IMAGINATION!
HE'S KILLING HIM ... AND THAT'S NOT MY IMAGINATION!
DIE LIKE I DIED... DIE... DIE...
HACK!
SLASH!

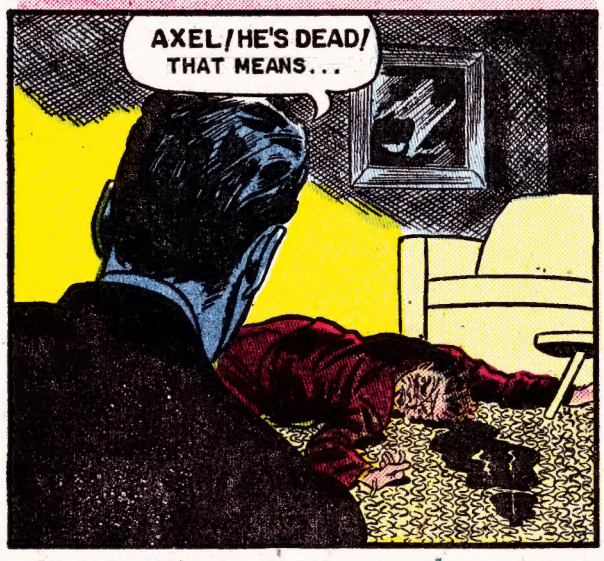
AND WHEN BELLOWS LAY LIMP AND BROKEN ON THE FLOOR, IT WAS REARDON WHO PUSHED FRANKLIN INTO THE ARMS OF THE CADAVER . . .

REARDON GRINNED AS FRANKLIN SCREAMED. . . YES, AXEL WAS DOING A GOOD JOB!



AND THEN FRANKLIN, TOO, LAY DEAD...
NICE WORK, AXEL! IT WORKED JUST LIKE WE PLANNED! THOSE MUSCLES OF YOURS REALLY HAD THE STUFF!
AXEL? WHY DO YOU CALL ME AXEL, JIM?
DESPITE HIMSELF, REARDON FELT A STRANGE CHILL TRAVEL UP HIS SPINE...
HA! HA! ALL RIGHT, AXEL, LET'S NOT CARRY THE GAG TOO FAR!
BUT I AM NOT AXEL!
AND IT IS YOUR TURN TO DIE!
CUT IT OUT, AXEL! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? STOP!
BEFORE HE COULD GET OUT OF THE CADAVER'S REACH, A HAND HAD CLOSED AROUND REARDON'S ARM___A HAND WITH SUPERHUMAN, UNNATURAL STRENGTH...
AXEL, FOR GOD'S SAKE... YOU'RE BREAKING MY ARM!
YES, FIRST ONE... THEN, THE OTHER... JUST AS IT WAS DONE TO ME!
SNAP!
FIGHTING DESPERATELY AGAINST THE PAIN... MUSTERING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS WILL, REARDON BROKE AWAY AND MADE FOR THE DOOR...
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... GOT TO THINK!
IT MUST BE AXEL... BUT SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM... HE'S GONE GRAZY!
HARD AS HE TRIED TO CONVINCE HIMSELF THAT IT WAS AXEL, GNAWING DOUBT MADE REARDON RETURN TO HIS APARTMENT TO MAKE SURE THAT AXEL WAS NOT THERE...
HE'S DOUBLE-CROSSED ME TOO! IT... IT COULDN'T BE ANYONE BUT AXEL! GHOSTS... REVENGE... NUTS!
5.

BUT WHEN REARDON ENTERED HIS APARTMENT...



AND BEFORE REARDON COULD FINISH HIS HORRIFYING THOUGHT A VOICE SPOKE BEHIND HIM...

PAIN AND AGONY FILLED JIM REARDON AS THE MAN FROM THE GRAVE DEALT OUT ALL THE ANGUISH HE HIMSELF HAD ONCE KNOWN . . .

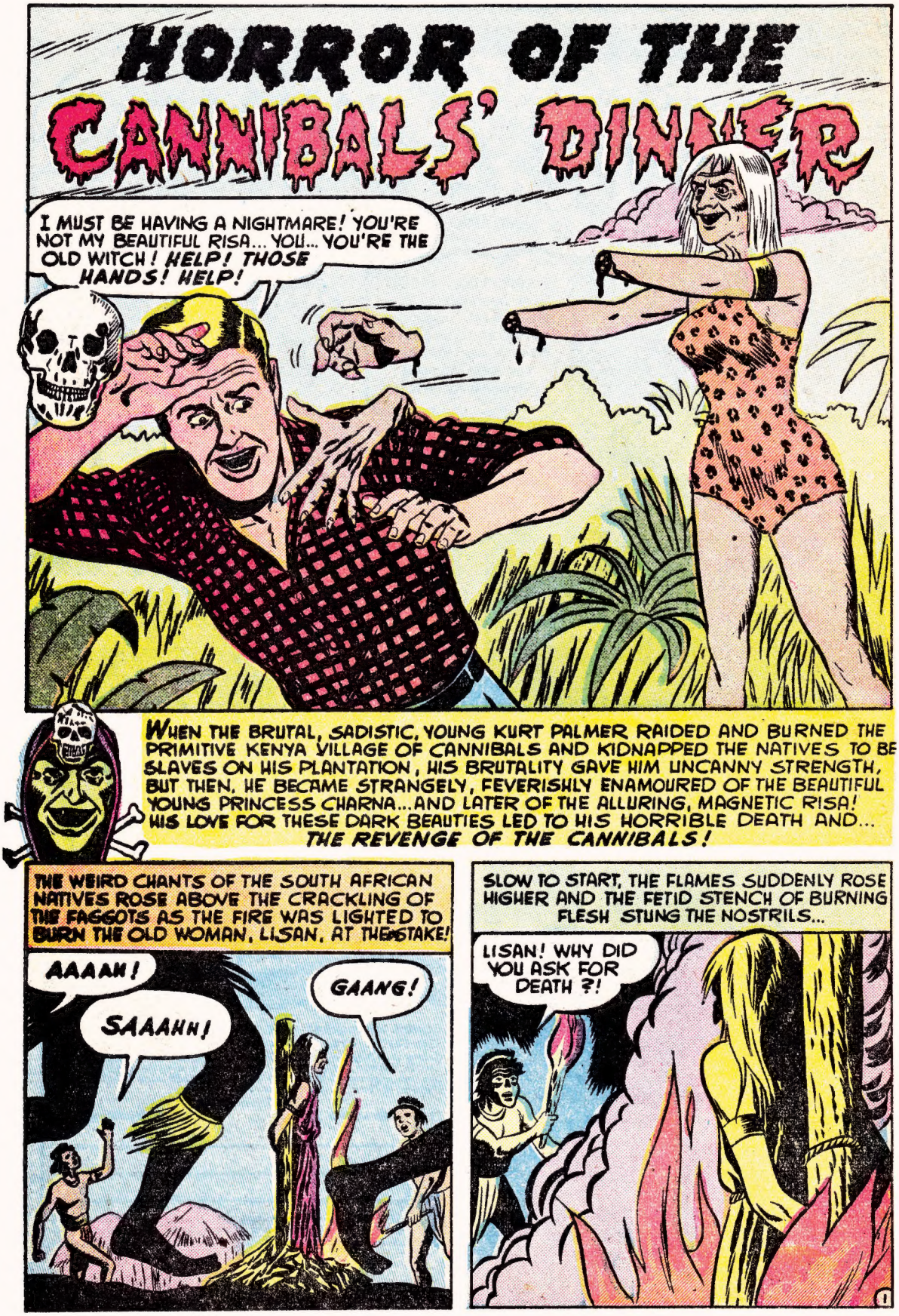
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER APARTMENT...

BUT WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THEY FOUND ONLY THE BROKEN BODIES OF AXEL AND REARDON/ HIS REVENGE COMPLETE, THE CORPSE HAD DISAPPEARED /

LIEUTENANT, HEADQUARTERS SAYS TWO OTHER GUYS WERE JUST FOUND KILLED THIS SAME WAY IN AN APARTMENT DOWNTOWN/
WHEW/ BROTHER ... THIS SOUNDS LIKE A TOUGH ONE/

A TOUGH ONE? AN INSOLUBLE ONE, LIEUTENANT/ MORTAL MAN HAS NO WAY OF DEALING WITH THE VENGEANCE OF A CORPSE ... WITH A NEMESIS FROM THE GRAVE/

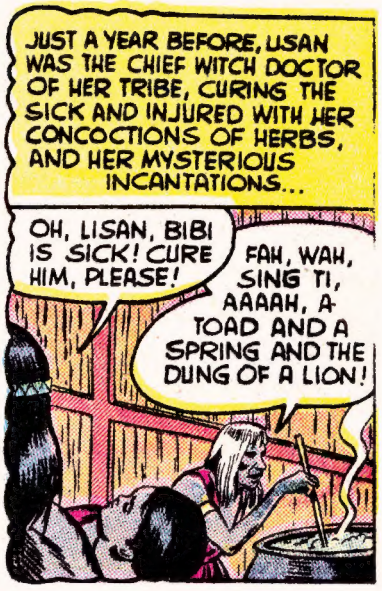
The end

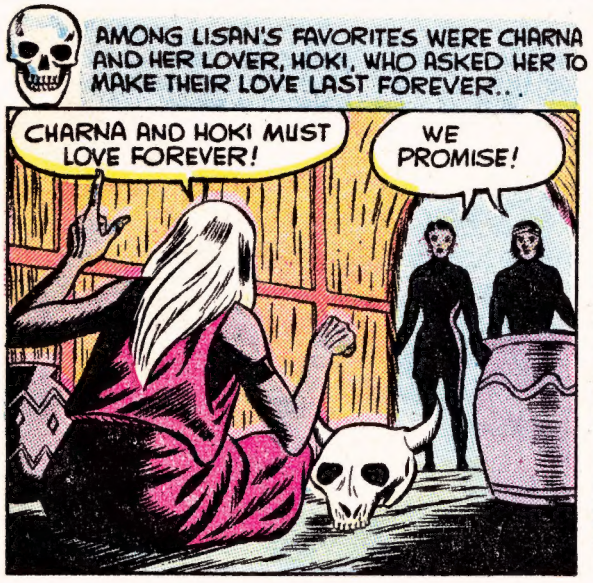

HORROR OF THE CANNIBALS' DINNER
I MUST BE HAVING A NIGHTMARE! YOU'RE NOT MY BEAUTIFUL RISA... YOU... YOU'RE THE OLD WITCH! HELP! THOSE HANDS! HELP!
WHEN THE BRUTAL, SADISTIC, YOUNG KURT PALMER RAIDED AND BURNED THE PRIMITIVE KENYA VILLAGE OF CANNIBALS AND KIDNAPPED THE NATIVES TO BE SLAVES ON HIS PLANTATION, HIS BRUTALITY GAVE HIM UNCANNY STRENGTH, BUT THEN, HE BECAME STRANGELY, FEVERISHLY ENAMOURED OF THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG PRINCESS CHARNA...AND LATER OF THE ALLURING, MAGNETIC RISA! HIS LOVE FOR THESE DARK BEAUTIES LED TO HIS HORRIBLE DEATH AND...
THE REVENGE OF THE CANNIBALS!
THE WEIRD CHANTS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES ROSE ABOVE THE CRACKLING OF THE FAGGOTS AS THE FIRE WAS LIGHTED TO BURN THE OLD WOMAN, LISAN, AT THE STAKE!
AAAAH!
SAAAHH!
GAANG!
SLOW TO START, THE FLAMES SUDDENLY ROSE HIGHER AND THE FETID STENCH OF BURNING FLESH STUNG THE NOSTRILS...
LISAN! WHY DID YOU ASK FOR DEATH?!

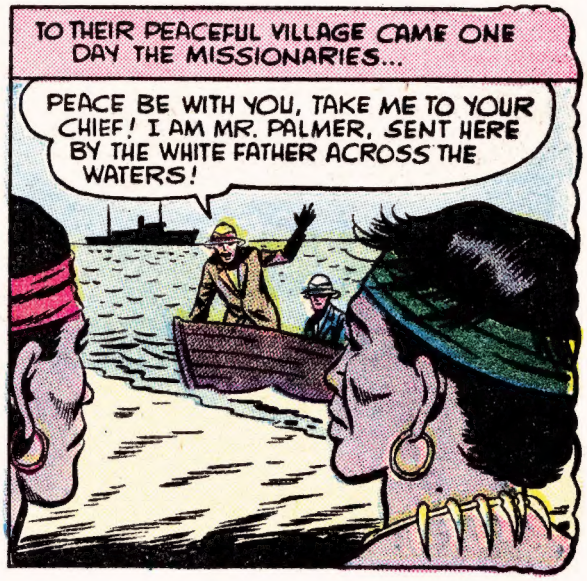
Dark Mysteries #15, December 1953. Attributed to Jon D'Agostino. Publisher: Master Comics.

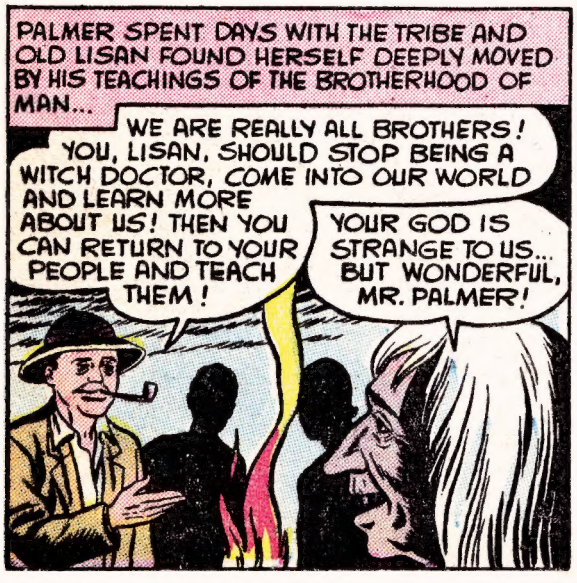
THEN OLD LISAN LIFTED HER HEAD AND A JOYOUS SMILE WAS ON HER CRACKED LIPS! THEN THE SAVAGE SINGING BECAME LOUDER, THE DANCING WILDER...
LISAN'S SMILING! SHE'S HAPPY!

WHY THIS TRIBAL ACT OF BURNING A HARMLESS OLD WOMAN? EVEN SAVAGES, BARBARIANS, HAVE THEIR CODES...AND LISAN, THE WITHERED OLD WITCH DOCTOR ASKED FOR THIS HORRIBLE DEATH... BUT WHY... WHY...?
TUM!
TUM!
TUM!


JUST A YEAR BEFORE, LISAN WAS THE CHIEF WITCH DOCTOR OF HER TRIBE, CURING THE SICK AND INJURED WITH HER CONCOCTIONS OF HERBS, AND HER MYSTERIOUS INCANTATIONS...
OH, LISAN, BIBI IS SICK! CURE HIM, PLEASE!
FAH, WAH, SING TI, AAAAH, A TOAD AND A SPRING AND THE DUNG OF A LION!


AMONG LISAN'S FAVORITES WERE CHARNA AND HER LOVER, HOKI, WHO ASKED HER TO MAKE THEIR LOVE LAST FOREVER...
CHARNA AND HOKI MUST LOVE FOREVER!
WE PROMISE!


TO THEIR PEACEFUL VILLAGE CAME ONE DAY THE MISSIONARIES...
PEACE BE WITH YOU, TAKE ME TO YOUR CHIEF! I AM MR. PALMER, SENT HERE BY THE WHITE FATHER ACROSS THE WATERS!


PALMER SPENT DAYS WITH THE TRIBE AND OLD LISAN FOUND HERSELF DEEPLY MOVED BY HIS TEACHINGS OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN...
WE ARE REALLY ALL BROTHERS! YOU, LISAN, SHOULD STOP BEING A WITCH DOCTOR, COME INTO OUR WORLD AND LEARN MORE ABOUT US! THEN YOU CAN RETURN TO YOUR PEOPLE AND TEACH THEM!
YOUR GOD IS STRANGE TO US... BUT WONDERFUL, MR. PALMER!

LISAN KNEW HER DECISION TO LEAVE WITH MR. PALMER WAS DANGEROUS, BUT SOME GREAT FORCE IMPELLED HER ON! SHE KNEW THE CHIEF WAS ANGRY WITH HER...
CHIEF MAHLI, I PROMISE TO COME BACK AND BRING NEW WAYS OF HEALING TO MY PEOPLE!
YOU MAY GO, LISAN! BUT NEVER FORGET YOUR TRIBE!

AT MR. PALMER'S SMALL RUBBER PLANTATION, LISAN WAS INTRODUCED TO THE NATIVE OVERSEER, KAFTA! SHE WAS SURPRISED AT THE POSITION OF IMPORTANCE A NATIVE COULD ATTAIN...

BE VERY NICE TO LISAN, KAFTA! SHE'S A FINE OLD WOMAN!

WELCOME, LISAN! IT IS GOOD TO WORK FOR MR. PALMER!

KAFTA WAS RIGHT! LISAN SAW HAPPINESS AMONG HER PEOPLE AND SHE WAS LEARNING SOME REMARKABLE THINGS OF THE NEW CIVILIZATION...

WHAT STORIES I SHALL TELL MY PEOPLE WHEN I GO BACK!

AND THEN, TRAGEDY STRUCK...

QUICK! MR. PALMER HAD A HEART ATTACK! WHERE IS HIS ROOM?

UP THOSE STAIRS! BE GENTLE! OH, POOR MR. PALMER!

THREE DAYS LATER YOUNG PALMER ARRIVED AT HIS FATHER'S BEDSIDE! FEAR CLUTCHED AT THE OLD WITCH DOCTOR'S HEART AS SHE WATCHED THIS HAUGHTY MAN...

YOU'LL BE WELL SOON, DAD! WHY MUST THAT CANNIBAL HANG AROUND? I SHALL DISMISS HER!

NO...NO KURT, I'M FOND OF HER! SHE'S A GOOD WOMAN!

WHEN MR. PALMER DIED THAT NIGHT, A TERRIBLE PALL HUNG OVER THE PLANTATION! WHEN HIS BIER PASSED, THE WORKERS WEPT BROKEN-HEARTED.

OH, HOW MR. KURT GLOATS OVER THE PLANTATION... NOW HIS!

LATE THAT AFTERNOON, MR. KURT SUMMONED THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE NATIVE WORKERS! A HEAVY SILENCE FELL AS HIS OMINOUS WORDS PENETRATED THEIR UNDERSTANDING...

YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, THAT I AM THE NEW MASTER OF THIS PLANTATION! I SHALL EXPECT ABSOLUTE OBEDIENCE!

MASTER, OBEDIENCE... THOSE WORDS WERE NEVER USED BY MR. PALMER!

THE NEW MASTER WAS BRUTAL AND HARSH! HE REIGNED LIKE A LORD OVER THE SMALL PLANTATION...

YOU CAN'T FAKE SUNSTOKE ON THIS PLACE! YOU'RE JUST A LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING!

KURT PALMER WANTED MORE LABORERS AND PAID A BAND OF HOODLUMS TO RAID LISAN'S VILLAGE...

THIS'LL BURN 'EM OUT! WE'LL CATCH 'EM AS THEY COME OUT!

THEIR VILLAGE BURNED, THE FRIGHTENED NATIVES WERE CAUGHT AND CHAINED...TO BE TURNED INTO SLAVES FOR HIM.

EEEEH!

WE'VE GOT A GOOD CATCH FOR MR. KURT!

OOOOH!

THE CHIEFTAN'S DAUGHTER, PRINCESS CHARNA, WAS THE PRIZE CATCH OF THE RAID...

MR. KURT SHOULD PAY PLENTY FOR THIS ONE!

THE COLD STEELY EYES OF THE MASTER GLISTENED EVILLY AS THEY LOOKED ON THE DARK BEAUTY OF CHARNA...

CHARNA WILL WORK FOR ME HERE, IN THE HOUSE! TAKE THE OTHERS TO THE TENTS!

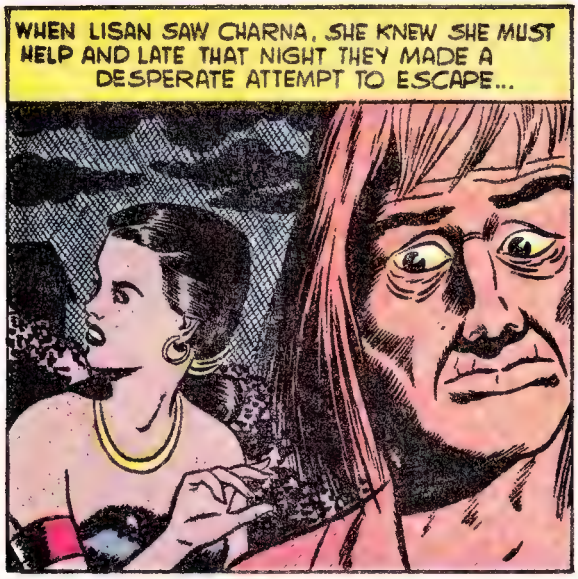
MR. PALMER, YOUR FATHER USED TO PREACH KINDNESS AND BROTHERHOOD! YOU MUST SEND ME BACK TO MY BETROTHED!

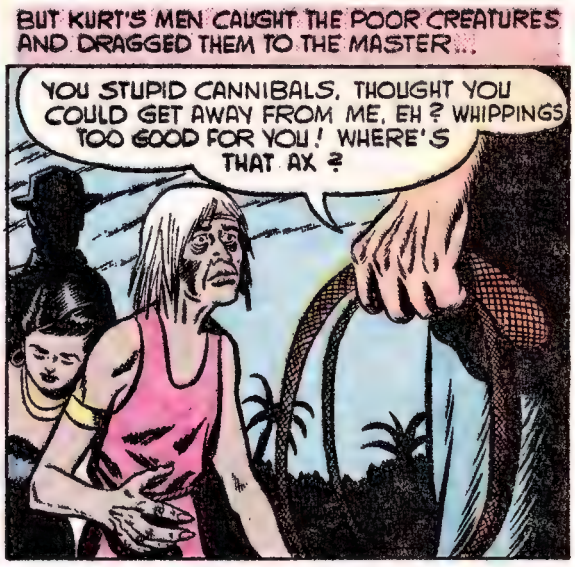
YOU'VE PLENTY OF SPIRIT, CHARNA, AND YOU'RE EXQUISITE!

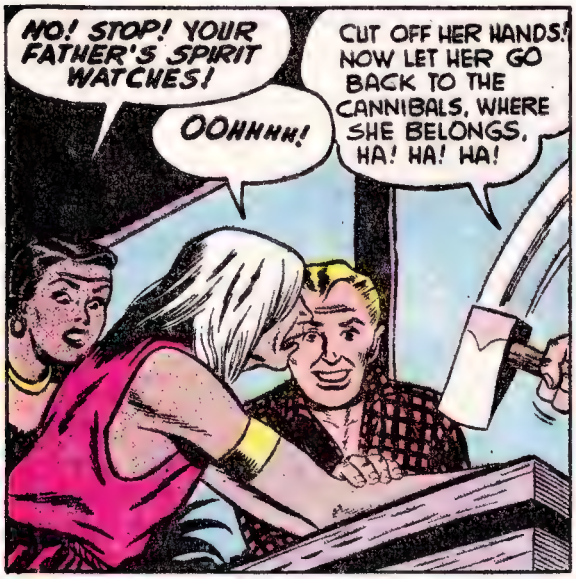
THOUGH HE MADE HER PEOPLE SLAVES, KURT'S DESIRE FOR THE LOVELY CHARNA WAS MORE THAN HE COULD RESIST...

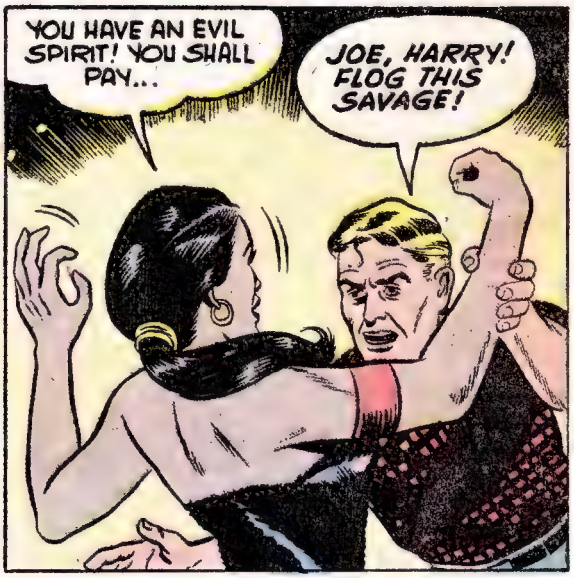
YOU SHALL STAY WITH ME...

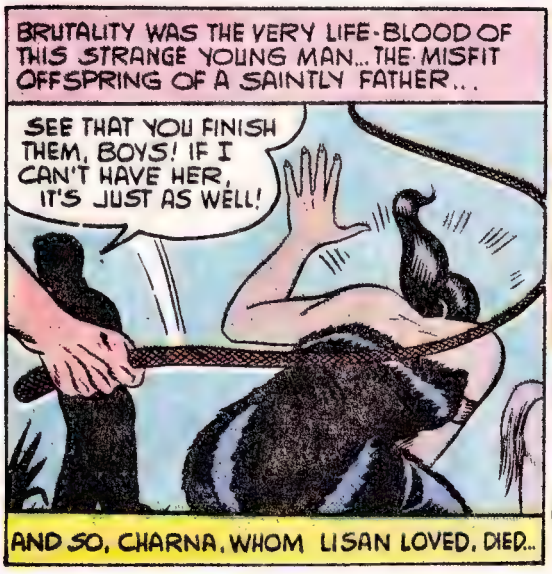
UGH...

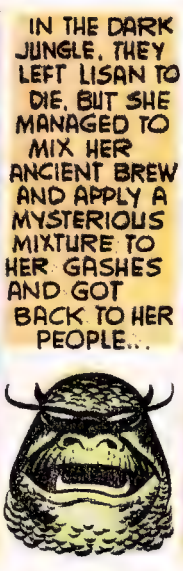

WHEN LISAN SAW CHARNA, SHE KNEW SHE MUST HELP AND LATE THAT NIGHT THEY MADE A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE...


BUT KURT'S MEN CAUGHT THE POOR CREATURES AND DRAGGED THEM TO THE MASTER...
YOU STUPID CANNIBALS, THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY FROM ME, EH? WHIPPINGS TOO GOOD FOR YOU! WHERE'S THAT AX?


NO! STOP! YOUR FATHER'S SPIRIT WATCHES!
OOHHHH!
CUT OFF HER HANDS! NOW LET HER GO BACK TO THE CANNIBALS, WHERE SHE BELONGS, HA! HA! HA!


YOU HAVE AN EVIL SPIRIT! YOU SHALL PAY...
JOE, HARRY! FLOG THIS SAVAGE!


BRUTALITY WAS THE VERY LIFE-BLOOD OF THIS STRANGE YOUNG MAN... THE MISFIT OFFSPRING OF A SAINTLY FATHER...
SEE THAT YOU FINISH THEM, BOYS! IF I CAN'T HAVE HER, IT'S JUST AS WELL!
AND SO, CHARNA, WHOM LISAN LOVED, DIED...


IN THE DARK JUNGLE, THEY LEFT LISAN TO DIE, BUT SHE MANAGED TO MIX HER ANCIENT BREW AND APPLY A MYSTERIOUS MIXTURE TO HER GASHES AND GOT BACK TO HER PEOPLE...

NO, MR. KURT, I SHALL NOT DIE YET! YOU FORGOT I AM A WITCH-DOCTOR!
5

SOMEHOW LISAN MADE IT TO HER VILLAGE...
TRUST ME, I MUST BE BURNED AT THE STAKE TONIGHT! BUT FIRST, SMEAR THAT MIXTURE ALL OVER MY BODY! YOU MUST DO AS I SAY!
NO! IT IS TOO HORRIBLE!
IF YOU DO AS I SAY, I SHALL BRING BACK KURT PALMER! I KNOW HIS WEAKNESS!
THEN WE WILL DO IT!
TIE THE CORDS TIGHT! I MUST NOT CHANGE MY MIND IN A WEAK MOMENT!
WE DO WHAT YOU SAY, LISAN!
AND THAT IS WHY THE OLD WITCH DOCTOR WAS BURNED AT THE STAKE, AT HER OWN ORDERS! NO ONE QUESTIONED WHY? BUT THEY SOON FOUND OUT...
THE FLAMES SWEPT HIGHER AND HIGHER, AND LATER, WHEN THE FIRE BURNED OUT, ONLY ASHES OF THE OLD WOMAN WAS LEFT.
ABOUT TWO WEEKS LATER, MR. KURT PALMER WAS STANDING IN HIS GARDEN WHEN A DARK GIRL OF EQUISITE LOVLINESS WALKED TOWARD HIM.
WHY... WHO ARE YOU? I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN!
I AM RISA! I COME TO WORK ON YOUR PLANTATION!
IN ALL HIS SELF INDULGENT DAYS, KURT HAD NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE RISA! A FIRE SEEMED TO CONSUME HIM AS SHE TALKED, WALKED, GAZED AT HIM FROM DEEP POOLS OF EYES...
SHE MUST BE MINE!
YES, I SHALL FIND A PLACE FOR YOU!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, KURT, THE MASTER OF ALL, BECAME THE SLAVE OF SOME-ONE ELSE...RISA! SO DEEP WAS HIS INFATUATION, THAT HE PLIED HER WITH GIFTS JUST FOR HER SMILE...

KURT, I AM GOING BACK TO MY VILLAGE FOR A VISIT! COME WITH ME PART OF THE WAY!

IF YOU MUST, I'LL GO WITH YOU!

THOUGH KURT KNEW THE RISK OF GOING NEAR THE COUNTRY WHERE HE HAD RAIDED VILLAGES, HE COULD NOT BEAR PARTING WITH RISA... AND WENT ALONG PART OF THE WAY...

I CAN GO NO FURTHER! PROMISE ME, RISA, THAT YOU'LL COME BACK!

YES, I PROMISE! NOW KISS ME!

AS KURT EMBRACED RISA, A HORRIBLE CHANGE CAME OVER HER, FIRST HER FACE...

YOUR FACE! UG! I MUST BE HAVING A NIGHTMARE!

IT'S NOT A NIGHTMARE, KURT!

BY NOW RISA'S WHOLE FORM WITHERED INTO THAT OF THE OLD WOMAN AND KURT SHUDDERED AT THE SIGHT OF STUMPS WHERE HANDS SHOULD BE...

YOU HAVE NO HANDS! OH NO! YOU'RE LISAN! BUT SHE'S DEAD!

YES, KURT! I AM LISAN!

THEN AS KURT WAS ABOUT TO ESCAPE, LONG FINGERS CLOSED AROUND HIS THROAT..

THOSE HANDS! THEY HOLD ME! YAAAA!

THOSE DISSECTED HANDS HAD THE STRENGTH OF MANY MEN! IN HIS LAST CONSCIOUS MOMENT, KURT SAW HORDES OF NATIVES SWARM OVER HIM, SCREAMING, BRANDISHING LONG SWORDS...

SWISH!

AND SO, THE BRUTAL, SADISTIC KURT PALMER CAME TO A GRUESOME END, AS THE DINNER OF A TRIBE OF CANNIBALS...AND LISAN HAD MADE GOOD HER PROMISE...TO BRING BACK KURT!

THE END

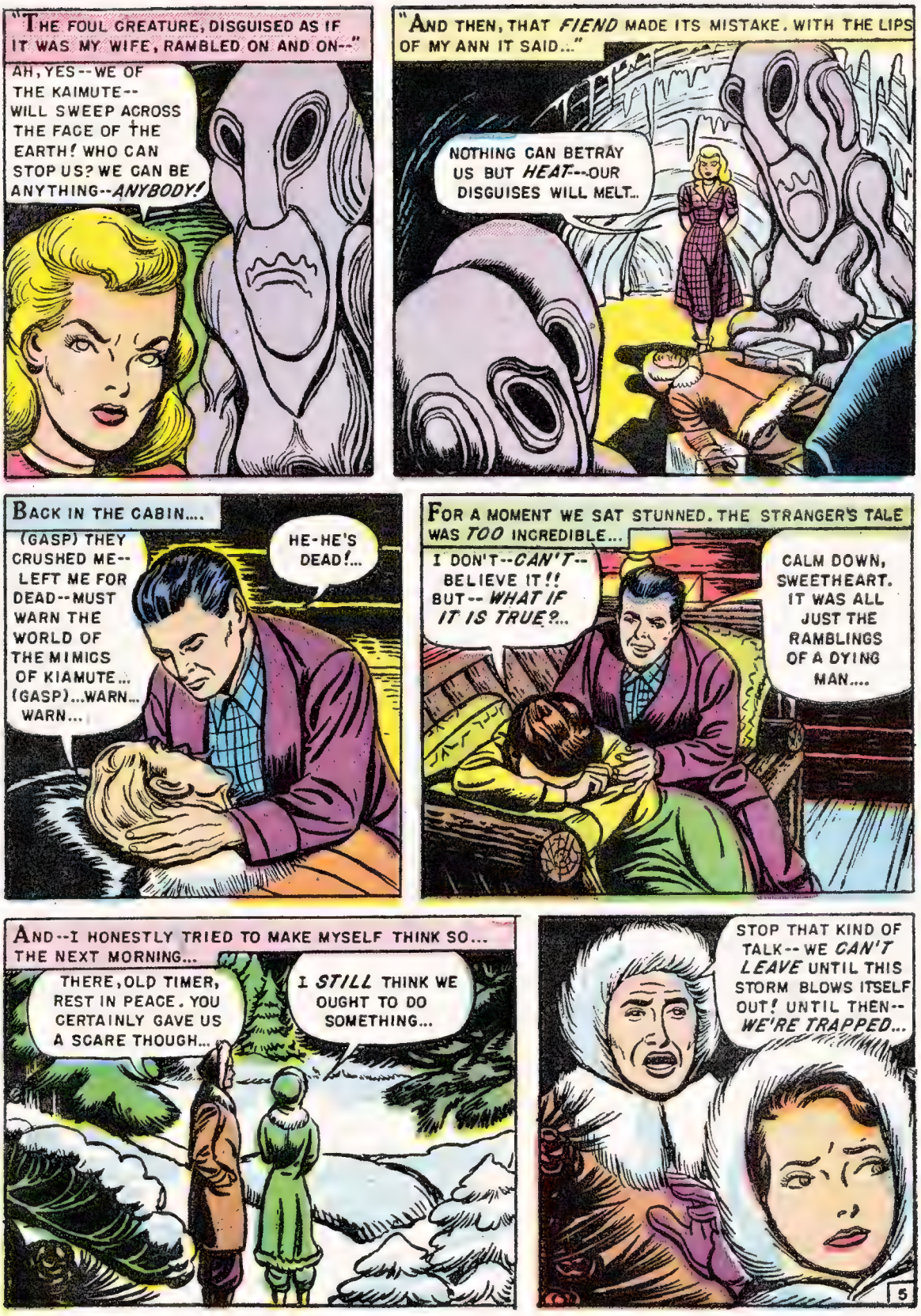
FROZEN--ICED THROUGH AND THROUGH WITH ANCIENT FEARS--THE WIND HOWLS AND WHISPERS AT THE CABIN'S EAVES. THE STORM WITHOUT GROWS IN INTENSITY AS DOES THE TERROR WITHIN THIS CABIN OF THE DOOMED AND HELPLESS! WE HAVE NO CHANCE--NO CHANCE AT ALL AGAINST....
THE MURDEROUS MIMICS!
PLEASE! I'M YOUR WIFE! WHAT HAVE I DONE WRONG?...
YOU'RE NOT MY WIFE--YOU'RE FROM KAIMUTE! YOU'RE NO LONGER MY WIFE BUT A MONSTER! ---STAY BACK!..
GRRRRR!
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF WHAT I HAD TO DO BACK THERE IN THE CABIN, MY RECORDING OF THIS FOR THE AUTHORITIES IS THE MOST DIFFICULT TASK I HAVE EVER KNOWN. IT ALL STARTED ONE BEAUTIFUL SPRING DAY IN SEATTLE...
PAUL COOPER 2-52
TOOT!
THERE GOES THE WHISTLE--ALL ABOARD FOR A BRAND NEW LIFE...
OH, BILL--- I HOPE SO!...
1

Beware #11, August 1952. Art: Paul Cooper. Publisher: Youthful.

YES, WE WERE ON OUR WAY....
SO--YOU'RE GOING TO HOMESTEAD?
YES SIR. AMERICA'S LAST TRUE FRONTIER....
AND THEN--NOME--THE GATEWAY TO ALASKA....
ISN'T IT EXCITING?...
YEAH--BUT WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO--WINTER'S COMIN' ON....
ONE WEEK LATER---TO THE DAY....
STRANGE--IT'S GOOD LAND AND FAIRLY CLOSE TO TOWN--WHY HASN'T ANYONE ELSE CLAIMED IT?...
WHO CARES? IT'S OURS NOW--IF WE CAN JUST PROVE UP ON IT...
THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED WERE FILLED WITH INCESSANT TOIL....
LUNCH IS SERVED, DARLING....
HI--I COULD EAT A WOLF...
WOLF? HUM--STRANGE THAT THERE ARE NO WILD ANIMALS ON THIS LAND...
LATER THAT AFTERNOON...
MY--MY!! YOU SHORELY ARE A STRANGER TO THESE PARTS...
HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?...
NOBODY LIVES IN THIS VALLEY--ESKIMOS, ANIMALS, SETTLERS--ALL KEEP AWAY! WHY? I DON'T KNOW. IT JUST AIN'T HEALTHY!
2

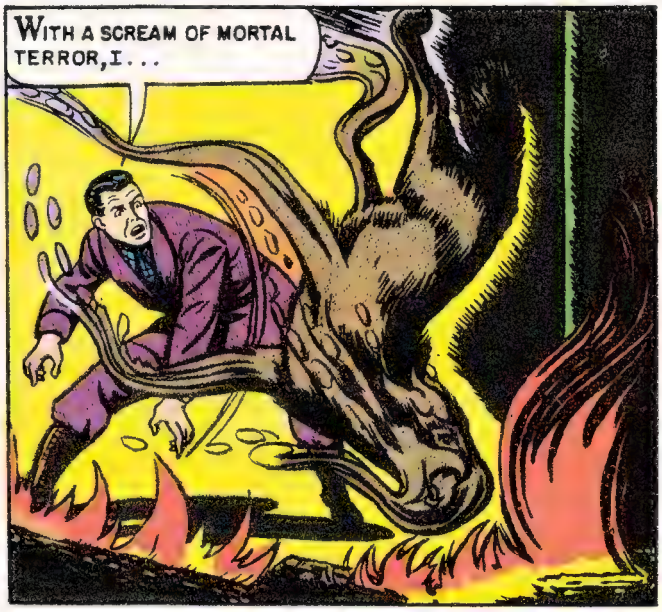
THAT NIGHT, I KNEW, A BIG DECISION HAD TO BE MADE...
I SAY POOH TO SUCH NONSENSE--THIS IS GOOD LAND--WHY SHOULD SOME SILLY SUPERSTITIONS....
OK., WE STAY! BUT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT EVERYBODY'S SO SCARED OF...
LONG DAYS OF BACK-BREAKING TOIL FOLLOWED. THEN ONE DAY...
WELL, I'LL BE! A DOG--OUR FIRST VISITOR IN A MONTH OF SUNDAYS...
WOOF! WOOF! ARF!
O.K., BRUTUS, YOU CAN STAY... BRRR...GETTING CHILLY--WINTER'S ALMOST HERE...
BY THE TIME THE FIRST SNOW FELL....
DONE--JUST IN TIME! A GOOD SOUND CABIN, AND A FULL PANTRY....
LET IT SNOW--WE'LL BE SNUG AS TWO BUGS IN A RUG....
THAT NIGHT--AND FOR MANY NIGHTS TO FOLLOW....
POOR OLD BRUTUS HOWLS AS THOUGH IN MORTAL FEAR...
OOOOOOOOO!
NOT ONLY DID WE HAVE THE MYSTERY OF THE DOG'S FEARFUL HOWLING, BUT ONE MORNING....
THOSE TRACKS! THEY'RE INCREDIBLE...
MAYBE THAT TRAPPER WHO WARNED US WAS RIGHT...
3

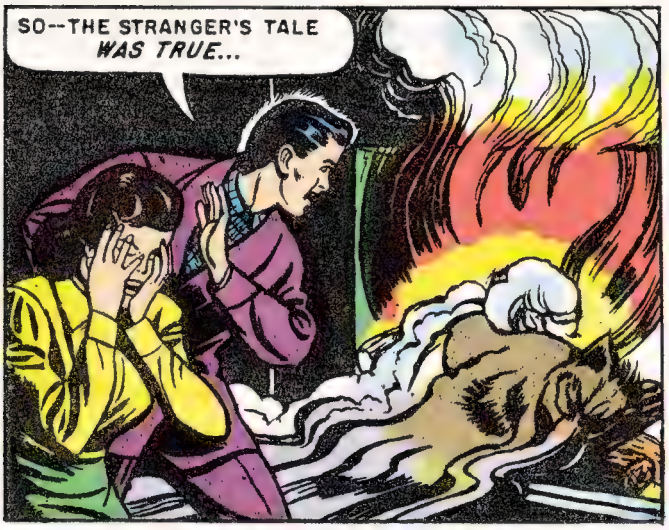
DAY AFTER DAY THE WIND HOWLED, THE SNOW FELL...WE WERE TRAPPED IN A PRISON OF COLD. THEN--ONE EVENING...
HELP (GASP)-- PLEASE HELP ME....
TAKE IT EASY-- YOU'RE SAFE...
OH, THE POOR MAN...
REVIVED SOMEWHAT BY THE WARMTH OF THE CABIN, THE STRANGER STRUGGLED TO SPEAK....
UH--(GASP)--TOO LATE--I'M A GONER. BUT--GOTTA... GOTTA... WARN WORLD...THEY.. THEY'RE GONNA....
THEN, IN PATHETIC FITS AND STARTS, THE MAN TOLD HIS BIZARRE, IMPOSSIBLE TALE. IT WENT MUCH AS FOLLOWS... "I WAS TRAPPING ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE KAIMUTE WHEN 'THEY' GOT ME..."
!!!!EEEE! NO! NO!
"THEY TOOK ME TO THE ICE CAVERNS IN THE KAIMUTE GLACIER! THERE..."
ANN--MY WIFE-- WHA.. WHAT?
I'M NOT ANN. I'VE TAKEN THIS FORM FROM YOUR MIND SO THAT WE MAY SPEAK...
"THEN FROM THAT GHASTLY MASQUERADE I LEARNED..."
PUNY MORTAL! WE WILL MILK YOUR BRAIN OF ALL KNOWLEDGE. WE CAN ASSUME ANY SHAPE, MIMIC PERFECTLY ANY LIVING CREATURE...
4

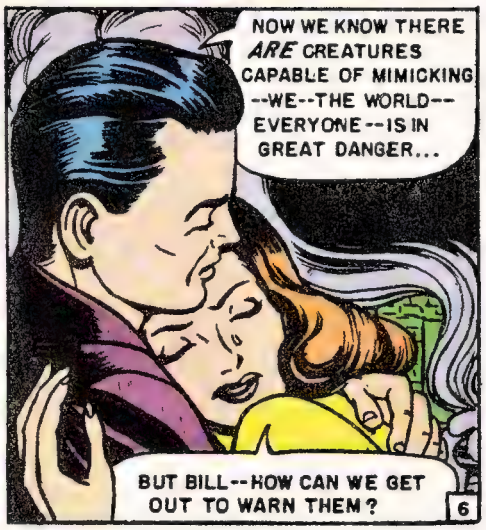

"THE FOUL CREATURE, DISGUISED AS IF IT WAS MY WIFE, RAMBLED ON AND ON--"
AH, YES--WE OF THE KAIMUTE--WILL SWEEP ACROSS THE FACE OF THE EARTH! WHO CAN STOP US? WE CAN BE ANYTHING--ANYBODY!
"AND THEN, THAT FIEND MADE ITS MISTAKE. WITH THE LIPS OF MY ANN IT SAID..."
NOTHING CAN BETRAY US BUT HEAT---OUR DISGUISES WILL MELT..
BACK IN THE CABIN....
(GASP) THEY CRUSHED ME--LEFT ME FOR DEAD--MUST WARN THE WORLD OF THE MIMICS OF KIAMUTE... (GASP)...WARN... WARN...
HE-HE'S DEAD!...
FOR A MOMENT WE SAT STUNNED. THE STRANGER'S TALE WAS TOO INCREDIBLE...
I DON'T--CAN'T--BELIEVE IT!! BUT--WHAT IF IT IS TRUE?...
CALM DOWN, SWEETHEART. IT WAS ALL JUST THE RAMBLINGS OF A DYING MAN....
AND--I HONESTLY TRIED TO MAKE MYSELF THINK SO... THE NEXT MORNING...
THERE, OLD TIMER, REST IN PEACE. YOU CERTAINLY GAVE US A SCARE THOUGH...
I STILL THINK WE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING...
STOP THAT KIND OF TALK--WE CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL THIS STORM BLOWS ITSELF OUT! UNTIL THEN--WE'RE TRAPPED...
5

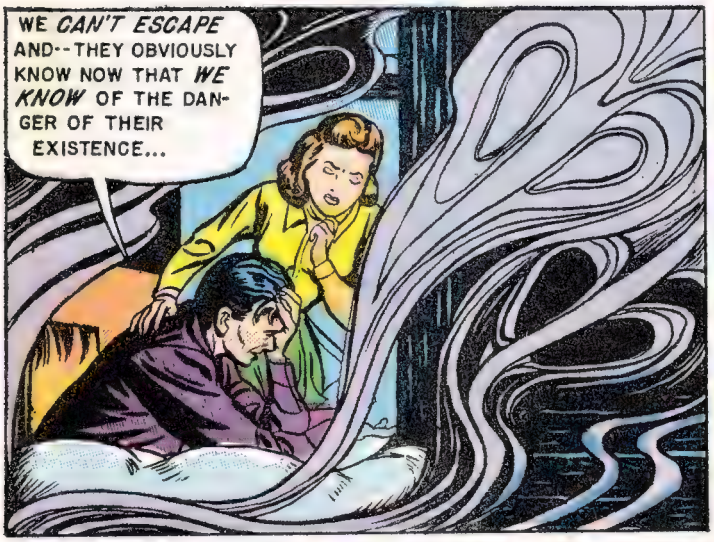
WE RETURNED TO THE CABIN--SILENT, TROUBLED. THAT NIGHT...
BRUTUS WANTS OUT. OPEN THE DOOR, WILL YOU, DEAR?

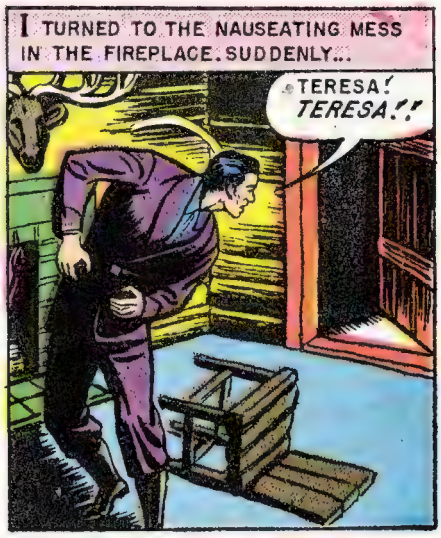
THE DOG RETURNED IN A FEW MINUTES. I THOUGHT NOTHING OF THE INCIDENT. HOWEVER IN A FEW MINUTES, I SENSED A STRANGE CHILL PERMEATING THE ROOM. I LOOKED UP...


WITH A SCREAM OF MORTAL TERROR, I...


SO--THE STRANGER'S TALE *WAS TRUE*...


NOW WE KNOW THERE *ARE* CREATURES CAPABLE OF MIMICKING --WE--THE WORLD-- EVERYONE--IS IN GREAT DANGER...
BUT BILL--HOW CAN WE GET OUT TO WARN THEM?

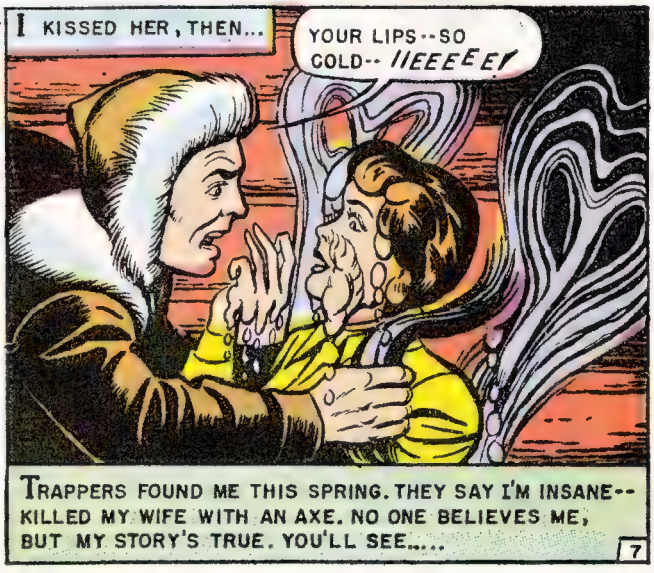

WE *CAN'T ESCAPE* AND--THEY OBVIOUSLY KNOW NOW THAT *WE KNOW* OF THE DANGER OF THEIR EXISTENCE...


I TURNED TO THE NAUSEATING MESS IN THE FIREPLACE. SUDDENLY...
TERESA! *TERESA!!*

I--*WENT FOR THE AXE!* REMEMBER--THE STRANGER SAID HE USED A GUN TO NO AVAIL...
GOOD GIRL, THAT'S QUICK THINKING...

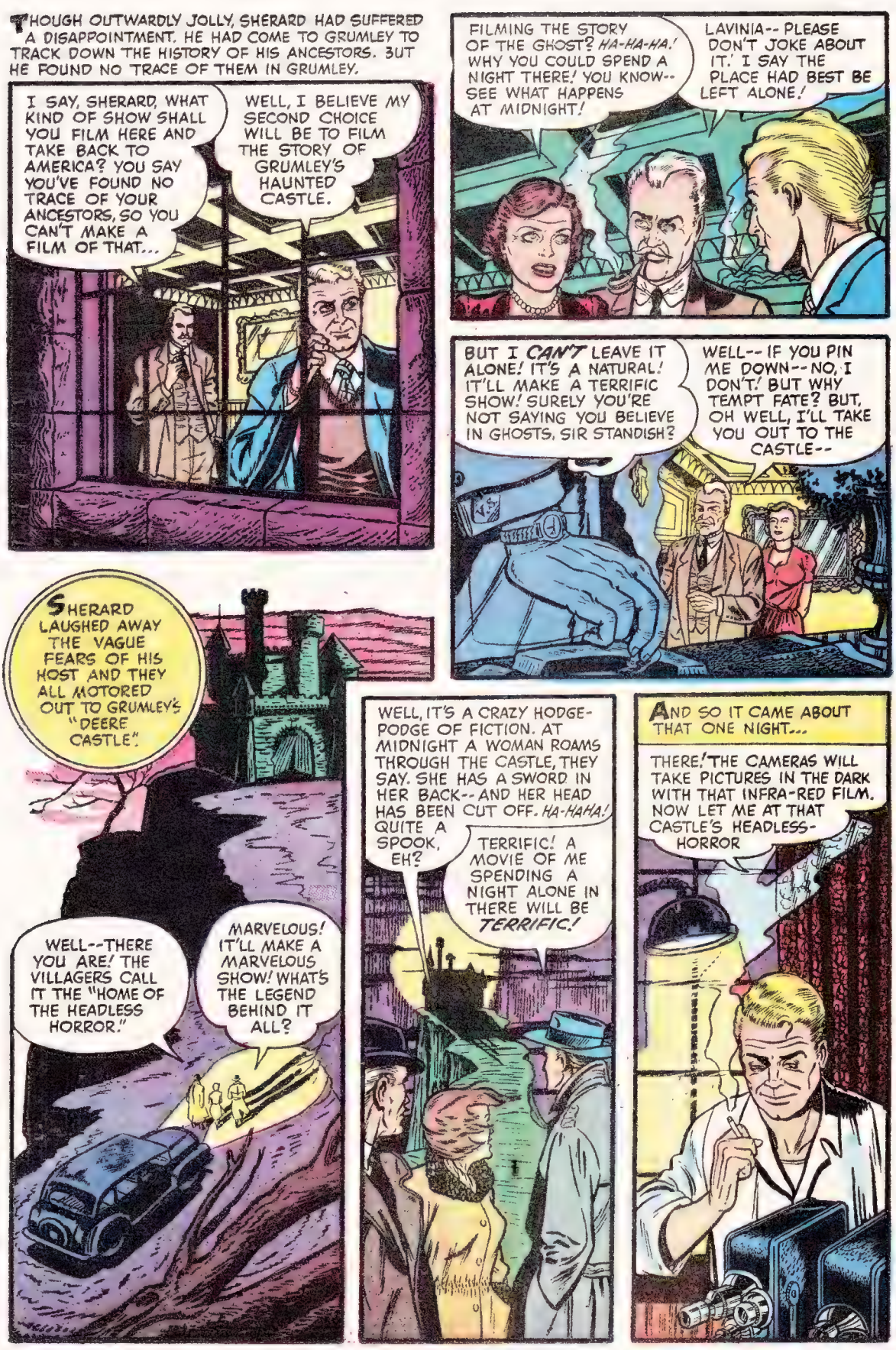
I TRIED TO RELAX, BUT MY MIND ALWAYS CAME BACK TO ONE THOUGHT...
I MUST TRY TO MAKE IT TO THE OUTSIDE, TERESA. GOT TO! MY--OUR--LIVES ARE UNIMPORTANT IN COMPARISON...

GOOD LUCK, MY DARLING. BUT FIRST --A GOODBYE KISS...

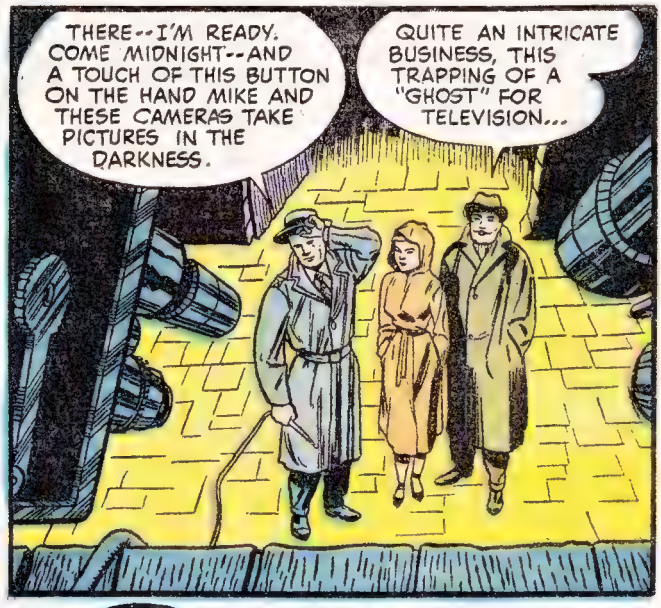

I KISSED HER, THEN...
YOUR LIPS--SO COLD-- *IIEEEEEE!*
TRAPPERS FOUND ME THIS SPRING. THEY SAY I'M INSANE--KILLED MY WIFE WITH AN AXE. NO ONE BELIEVES ME, BUT MY STORY'S TRUE. YOU'LL SEE.....

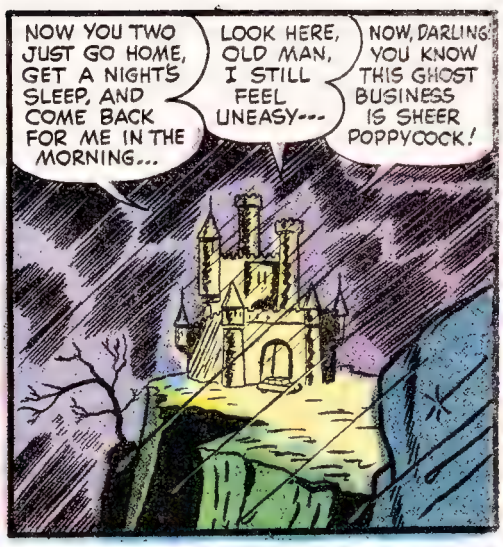
THE HALLS OF DEERE CASTLE SHRIEKED WITH THE MAD HOWLING LAUGHTER OF A GHOST WHICH WAS CALLED THE...
HEADLESS HORROR!
OF COURSE, FRIENDS, GHOSTS ARE THE BUNK! BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D ENJOY EYEING A SO-CALLED HAUNTED HOUSE ON YOUR TV SCREENS!
VERN SHERARD'S "TV REPORTER" SHOW HAD AN AUDIENCE OF MILLIONS. SHERARD'S MOVIE CAMERAS HAD POKED INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE U.S.A. THEN, SHERARD WENT TO ENGLAND AND HIS FANS FOLLOWED HIS EVERY MOVE.
TV ROW SAYS VERN SHERARD IS FILMING A TERRIFICO TV SHOW OVER IN ENGLAND. TV'S BRIGHT LIGHT IS STAYING WITH LORD AND LADY STANDISH IN GRUMLEY, ENGLAND...
THE RADIO'S VOICE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC AND ECHOED IN ENGLISH SHORT-WAVE SETS...
--AND HURRY HOME, VERN! BROADWAY MISSES YOU!
WELL! WE CERTAINLY HAVE A FAMOUS GUEST!
HA-HA-HA---THE FAME BELONGS TO MY CAMERAS, STANDISH, NOT TO ME...

Chamber of Chills Magazine #8, May 1952. Art: Abe Simon. Publisher: Harvey.


THOUGH OUTWARDLY JOLLY, SHERARD HAD SUFFERED A DISAPPOINTMENT. HE HAD COME TO GRUMLEY TO TRACK DOWN THE HISTORY OF HIS ANCESTORS. BUT HE FOUND NO TRACE OF THEM IN GRUMLEY.
I SAY, SHERARD, WHAT KIND OF SHOW SHALL YOU FILM HERE AND TAKE BACK TO AMERICA? YOU SAY YOU'VE FOUND NO TRACE OF YOUR ANCESTORS, SO YOU CAN'T MAKE A FILM OF THAT...
WELL, I BELIEVE MY SECOND CHOICE WILL BE TO FILM THE STORY OF GRUMLEY'S HAUNTED CASTLE.
FILMING THE STORY OF THE GHOST? HA-HA-HA! WHY YOU COULD SPEND A NIGHT THERE! YOU KNOW-- SEE WHAT HAPPENS AT MIDNIGHT!
LAVINIA-- PLEASE DON'T JOKE ABOUT IT. I SAY THE PLACE HAD BEST BE LEFT ALONE!
BUT I CAN'T LEAVE IT ALONE! IT'S A NATURAL! IT'LL MAKE A TERRIFIC SHOW! SURELY YOU'RE NOT SAYING YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, SIR STANDISH?
WELL-- IF YOU PIN ME DOWN-- NO, I DON'T! BUT WHY TEMPT FATE? BUT, OH WELL, I'LL TAKE YOU OUT TO THE CASTLE--
SHERARD LAUGHED AWAY THE VAGUE FEARS OF HIS HOST AND THEY ALL MOTORED OUT TO GRUMLEY'S "DEERE CASTLE".
WELL--THERE YOU ARE! THE VILLAGERS CALL IT THE "HOME OF THE HEADLESS HORROR."
MARVELOUS! IT'LL MAKE A MARVELOUS SHOW! WHAT'S THE LEGEND BEHIND IT ALL?
WELL, IT'S A CRAZY HODGE-PODGE OF FICTION. AT MIDNIGHT A WOMAN ROAMS THROUGH THE CASTLE, THEY SAY. SHE HAS A SWORD IN HER BACK-- AND HER HEAD HAS BEEN CUT OFF. HA-HAHA! QUITE A SPOOK, EH?
TERRIFIC! A MOVIE OF ME SPENDING A NIGHT ALONE IN THERE WILL BE TERRIFIC!
AND SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT ONE NIGHT...
THERE! THE CAMERAS WILL TAKE PICTURES IN THE DARK WITH THAT INFRA-RED FILM. NOW LET ME AT THAT CASTLE'S HEADLESS-HORROR

SO THEY DROVE TO THE LONELY CASTLE, WHERE BLIND WINDS WAILED AN EERIE CHORUS. SHERARD SET UP THE CAMERAS IN THE WEAPONS ROOM, THE ROOM WHERE THE HEADLESS HORROR WAS ALLEGED TO WALK...

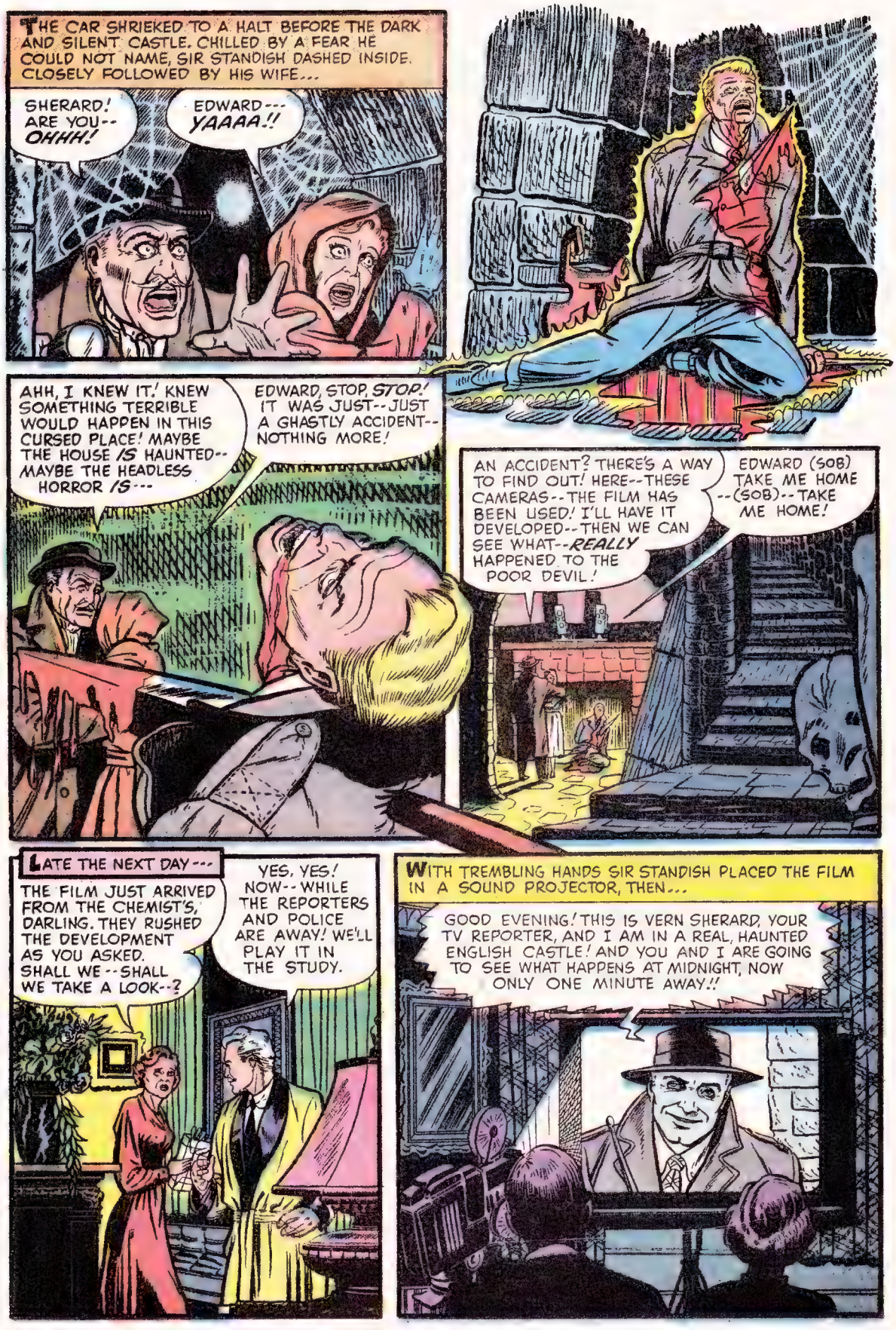

THERE--I'M READY. COME MIDNIGHT--AND A TOUCH OF THIS BUTTON ON THE HAND MIKE AND THESE CAMERAS TAKE PICTURES IN THE DARKNESS.
QUITE AN INTRICATE BUSINESS, THIS TRAPPING OF A "GHOST" FOR TELEVISION...


NOW YOU TWO JUST GO HOME, GET A NIGHT'S SLEEP, AND COME BACK FOR ME IN THE MORNING...
LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I STILL FEEL UNEASY---
NOW, DARLING, YOU KNOW THIS GHOST BUSINESS IS SHEER POPPYCOCK!

AND SO VERN SHERARD WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE HAUNT OF THE HEADLESS HORROR...

THE NIGHT'S GLOOM THICKENED... AND THE MYSTERIOUS HOUR OF MIDNIGHT CAME. AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IN THE BEDROOM OF SIR AND LADY STANDISH---

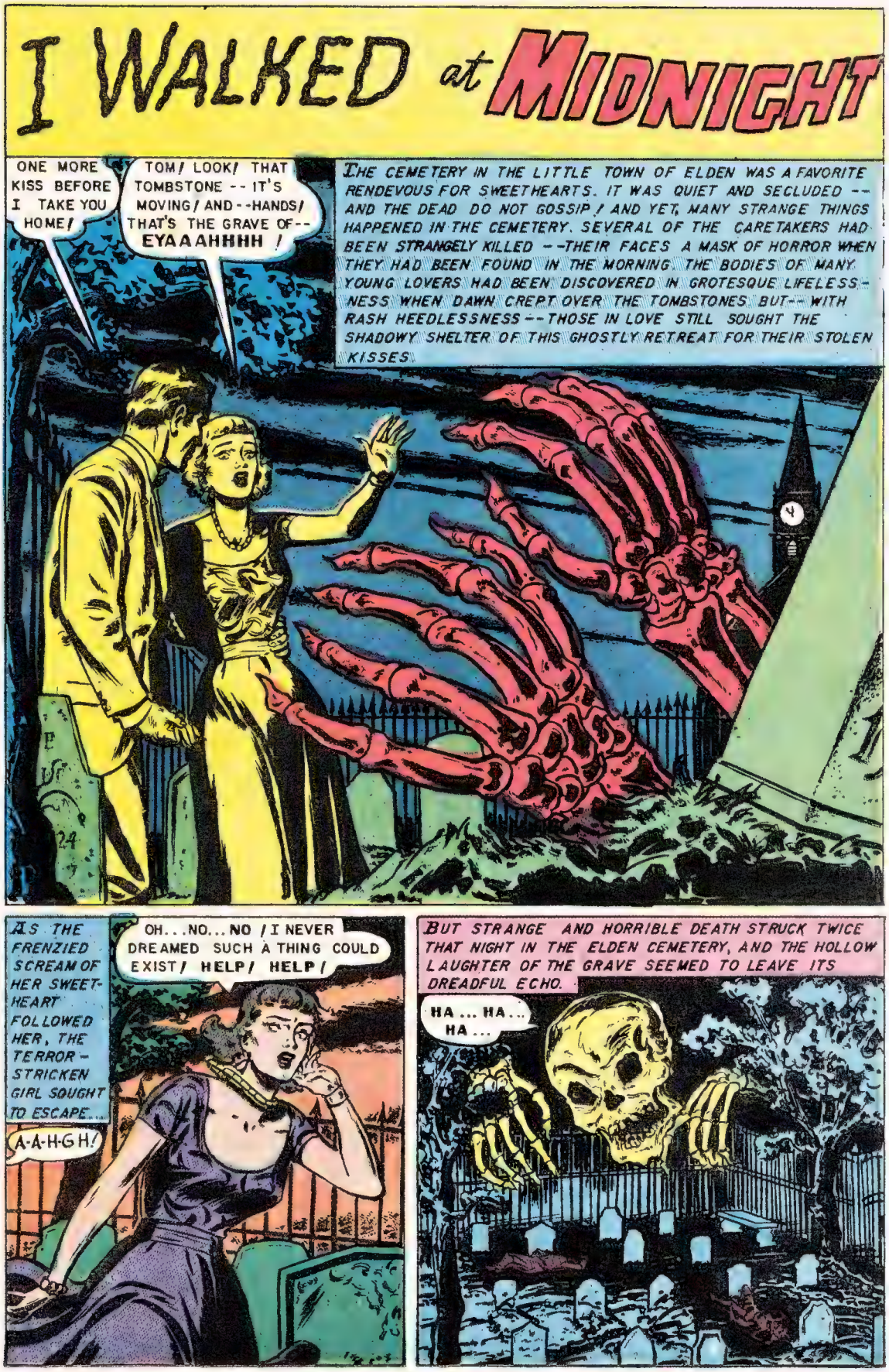
BUT SIR EDWARD STANDISH WAS DETERMINED. SPURRED ON BY THE SCREAM HE HAD SOMEHOW HEARD IN HIS SLEEP, HE QUICKLY SET OUT FOR DEERE CASTLE...


THE CAR SHRIEKED TO A HALT BEFORE THE DARK AND SILENT CASTLE. CHILLED BY A FEAR HE COULD NOT NAME, SIR STANDISH DASHED INSIDE. CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY HIS WIFE...
SHERARD! ARE YOU-- OHHH!
EDWARD--- YAAAA!!
AHH, I KNEW IT! KNEW SOMETHING TERRIBLE WOULD HAPPEN IN THIS CURSED PLACE! MAYBE THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED-- MAYBE THE HEADLESS HORROR IS---
EDWARD, STOP, STOP! IT WAS JUST--JUST A GHASTLY ACCIDENT-- NOTHING MORE!
AN ACCIDENT? THERE'S A WAY TO FIND OUT! HERE--THESE CAMERAS--THE FILM HAS BEEN USED! I'LL HAVE IT DEVELOPED--THEN WE CAN SEE WHAT--REALLY HAPPENED TO THE POOR DEVIL!
EDWARD (SOB) TAKE ME HOME --(SOB)--TAKE ME HOME!
LATE THE NEXT DAY---
THE FILM JUST ARRIVED FROM THE CHEMIST'S, DARLING. THEY RUSHED THE DEVELOPMENT AS YOU ASKED. SHALL WE--SHALL WE TAKE A LOOK--?
YES, YES! NOW--WHILE THE REPORTERS AND POLICE ARE AWAY! WE'LL PLAY IT IN THE STUDY.
WITH TREMBLING HANDS SIR STANDISH PLACED THE FILM IN A SOUND PROJECTOR, THEN...
GOOD EVENING! THIS IS VERN SHERARD, YOUR TV REPORTER, AND I AM IN A REAL, HAUNTED ENGLISH CASTLE! AND YOU AND I ARE GOING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS AT MIDNIGHT, NOW ONLY ONE MINUTE AWAY!!

AT MIDNIGHT THE GHOST IS SUPPOSED TO APPEAR.
EDWARD! BEHIND HIM--LOOK--HE HASN'T SEEN--IT ----OHHHH!
WELL, THE SPOOKING HOUR IS HERE! HA-HA-HA --NOW, LET'S SEE--- I---AHHHH!
EDWARD--ARE WE MAD--- IS IT POSSIBLE---
IT CAN'T BE- ÷GASP÷--- CAN'T BE--
YOU HAVE COME! AT LAST, LONG LAST YOU HAVE COME! I...HAVE WAITED... SO LONG...
I MUST BE IM-IMAGINING THIS! IT--CAN'T BE! HA-HA-HA-- I'M SEEING THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--I'M SEEING THE "HEADLESS HORROR"--- HA-HA-HA--SOMEONE'S PLAYING A TRICK ON US---
COME--COME TO ME! HERE--SEE?--I OFFER YOU MY HEAD--SURELY YOU WILL WANT TO TAKE IT WITH YOU-- TO YOUR GRAVE---
HER HEAD--÷GASP÷ --SHE'S--LIFTED IT--AND THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD! NO, NO--KEEP AWAY-- ÷GASP÷--I WARN YOU, KEEP AWAY---
ALL RIGHT--I WARNED YOU! KEEP AWAY--KEEP AWAY--OR--I'LL KILL YOU-- I'LL KILL YOU, YHEAR!!
I WARNED YOU! NOW YOU'LL SEE I MEANT BUSINESS! I--I--YAAAA! IT GOES THROUGH YOU-- BUT DOES NOTHING--!!
HA HA HA HA
HA-HA-HA--YOU HAVE ATTACKED ME WITH A SWORD BEFORE!! HA-HA-HA-HA--HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? SEE--SEE? IT IS STILL IN MY BACK!
AHHHH!

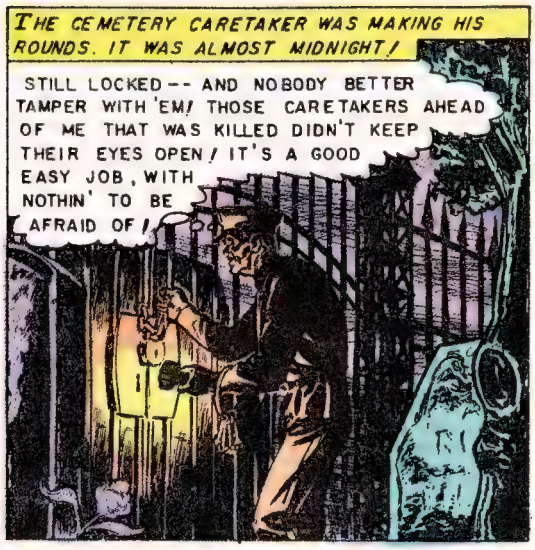
DARLING! GOOD LORD --SHE'S FAINTED!
AS ONCE I OFFERED BLOOD TO YOU-- NOW YOU MUST COME TO ME...
I'VE NOT DONE YOU ANY HARM-- GASP--KEEP AWAY--PLEASE! HA-HA--TH-THIS IS ALL A JOKE!!
IF YOU WILL NOT COME TO ME ...THEN I SHALL COME TO YOU---
I COME TO YOU...
YAAAAA!
DIE--HA-HA-HA-HA-- DIE WITH STEEL AS ONCE YOU KILLED ME!! HA-HA-HA-HA...
ARGGH-- HELP-- COUGH H..E..L..P..
MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE!! DEATH HAS MADE THE FULL CIRCLE!! NOW-- NOW-- I CAN HAVE MY REST--MY REST SO LONG OVERDUE!!
LOOK, SHE'S--SHE'S FADING AWAY--- DISSOLVING INTO-- NOTHINGNESS!!
OHHH...EDWARD-- EDWARD--PLEASE-- DON'T LET HER-- GET ME!! OHHHH... I CAN'T LOOK...

IT'S--OVER. GHASTLY... UNBELIEVABLE...
OH, EDWARD, IT--IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A TRICK--COULD IT? IT--IT WAS REAL! OH, EDWARD, HOW HORRIBLE!
BEG PARDON, SIR. THIS LETTER--- IT JUST CAME FOR YOU BY SPECIAL POST.
LETTER? I--YES, ALL RIGHT--- BRING IT HERE...
WHO-- WHO'S IT FROM?
THE VILLAGE REGISTRAR SENT IT. I ASKED HIM A WEEK AGO TO SEE IF HE HAD ANY RECORD OF SHERARD'S ANCESTORS HERE. IN GRUMLEY. AND--AND--LOOK! JUST READ THIS!! READ IT!!
DEAR SIR STANDISH: THERE ONCE WAS A MAN NAMED SHERARD, WHO LIVED IN GRUMLEY. ACCORDING TO MY RECORDS, HE LIVED HERE 3 CENTURIES AGO, IN 1650. HE LEFT GRUMLEY SUDDENLY, FOR AMERICA, IN 1680. IT IS SAID HE FLED BECAUSE HE HAD MURDERED LADY MARGARET DEERE, WITH A SWORD. AS YOU MAY KNOW, IT IS THIS LADY DEERE WHO TO THIS DAY IS SAID TO HAUNT THE DEERE CASTLE HERE IN GRUMLEY!
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW! I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ANY CONNECTION!
EDWARD--YOU MEAN--THAT A WOMAN DEAD 300 YEARS-- THAT SHE TOOK REVENGE ON THE FAR ANCESTOR OF THE MAN WHO KILLED HER! OH, EDWARD--EDWARD-- IS IT POSSIBLE?
So ended the bright career of TV's Vern Sherard--a young man who searched for his ancestral home--and found death at the hands of a headless horror who had waited for him for 300 years!!

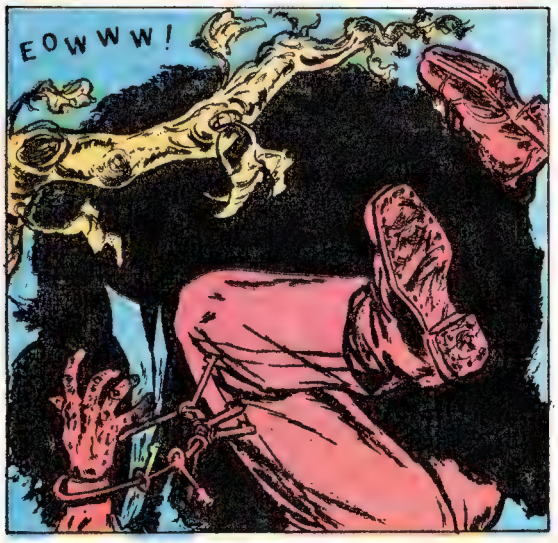

I WALKED at MIDNIGHT
ONE MORE KISS BEFORE I TAKE YOU HOME!
TOM! LOOK! THAT TOMBSTONE -- IT'S MOVING! AND--HANDS! THAT'S THE GRAVE OF-- EYAAAHHHH!
THE CEMETERY IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF ELDEN WAS A FAVORITE RENDEVOUS FOR SWEETHEARTS. IT WAS QUIET AND SECLUDED -- AND THE DEAD DO NOT GOSSIP! AND YET, MANY STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED IN THE CEMETERY. SEVERAL OF THE CARETAKERS HAD BEEN STRANGELY KILLED --THEIR FACES A MASK OF HORROR WHEN THEY HAD BEEN FOUND IN THE MORNING. THE BODIES OF MANY YOUNG LOVERS HAD BEEN DISCOVERED IN GROTESQUE LIFELESSNESS WHEN DAWN CREPT OVER THE TOMBSTONES. BUT-- WITH RASH HEEDLESSNESS --THOSE IN LOVE STILL SOUGHT THE SHADOWY SHELTER OF THIS GHOSTLY RETREAT FOR THEIR STOLEN KISSES.
AS THE FRENZIED SCREAM OF HER SWEETHEART FOLLOWED HER, THE TERROR-STRICKEN GIRL SOUGHT TO ESCAPE...
OH...NO...NO! I NEVER DREAMED SUCH A THING COULD EXIST! HELP! HELP!
A-A-H-G H!
BUT STRANGE AND HORRIBLE DEATH STRUCK TWICE THAT NIGHT IN THE ELDEN CEMETERY, AND THE HOLLOW LAUGHTER OF THE GRAVE SEEMED TO LEAVE ITS DREADFUL ECHO.
HA... HA... HA...

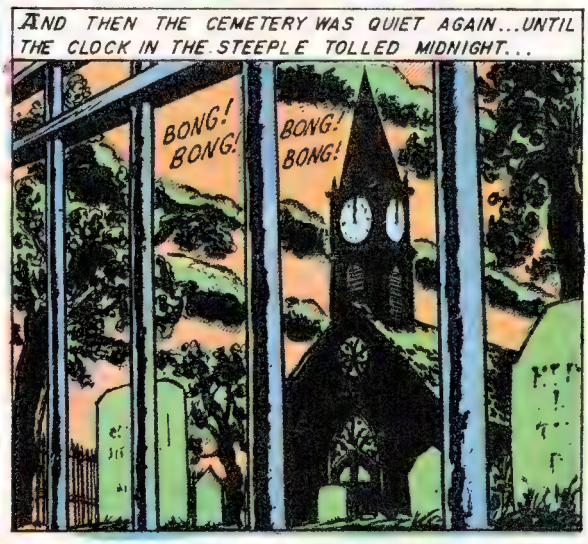
The Beyond #17, November 1952. Art: Al Eadeh. Publisher: Ace Magazines.

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER THE LAST TWO DEATHS THAT MR. COLLIS, THE LOCAL UNDERTAKER, AND DR. SAUNDERS, PAID A VISIT TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE.
I SHOULD HAVE COME BEFORE, BUT I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD THINK I WAS CRAZY. NOW I FEEL IT IS MY DUTY TO REPORT TO YOU A STRANGE THING IN CONNECTION WITH THE CEMETERY DEATHS!
SINCE I AM THE ONLY UNDERTAKER IN TOWN, I HAVE HANDLED THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS! AND FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS EVERY DEATH THAT OCCURRED IN THE CEMETERY HAS LACKED A CLUE TO THE CAUSE OF DEATH!
BUT IN EACH CASE I OBSERVED THAT THE BODIES WERE COMPLETELY DRAINED OF BLOOD! IT IS MY BELIEF THAT A VAMPIRE IS IN THE CEMETERY--AND THAT HE LEAVES HIS GRAVE AT NIGHT AND SEEKS VICTIMS!
WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THIS?
NOT AS MUCH NONSENSE AS YOU MIGHT THINK, CHIEF! SUCH THINGS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO EXIST!
A VAMPIRE IN ELDEN! AND BURIED IN OUR CHURCHYARD! YOU'RE BOTH CRAZY!
HA... HA... DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU KNOW ALL THE STRANGE AND EERIE CHARACTERS IN THE ELDEN CEMETERY, CHIEF? YOU OUGHT TO COME OUT AND SEE US SOME TIME!
BUT THE CHIEF OF POLICE OF ELDEN WAS SURE HE HAD THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL!
THERE WILL BE NO MORE SUDDEN DEATHS IN THE CEMETERY! I'VE ORDERED THE GATES LOCKED EVERY NIGHT AT SUNDOWN! AND PLEASE KEEP THAT SCREWBALL TALK ABOUT VAMPIRES TO YOURSELF! WE DON'T WANT TO START A PANIC!
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT TO HANDLE IT-- IT'S UP TO YOU!
AND SO THE GATES OF THE CEMETERY WERE LOCKED AT SUNDOWN AND YET--A FIGURE WALKED ALONG THE DESERTED PATHS.
THE CEMETERY IS LONELY TONIGHT...
2

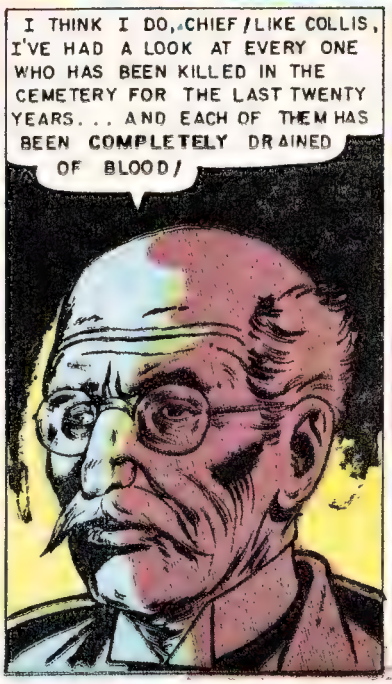

THE CEMETERY CARETAKER WAS MAKING HIS ROUNDS. IT WAS ALMOST MIDNIGHT/
STILL LOCKED -- AND NOBODY BETTER TAMPER WITH 'EM/ THOSE CARETAKERS AHEAD OF ME THAT WAS KILLED DIDN'T KEEP THEIR EYES OPEN/ IT'S A GOOD EASY JOB, WITH NOTHIN' TO BE AFRAID OF/

BUT, SUDDENLY, HE WAS AWARE OF SOMETHING BEHIND HIM-- HE TURNED...
AIEEEE/
NO..,NO...

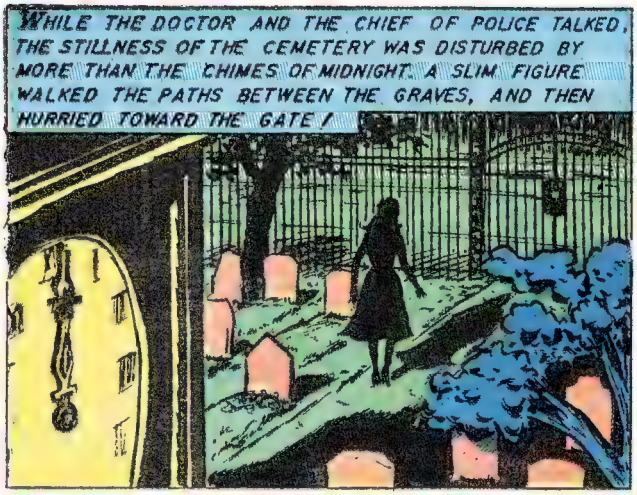

EOWWW!


AND THEN THE CEMETERY WAS QUIET AGAIN...UNTIL THE CLOCK IN THE STEEPLE TOLLED MIDNIGHT...
BONG! BONG!
BONG! BONG!

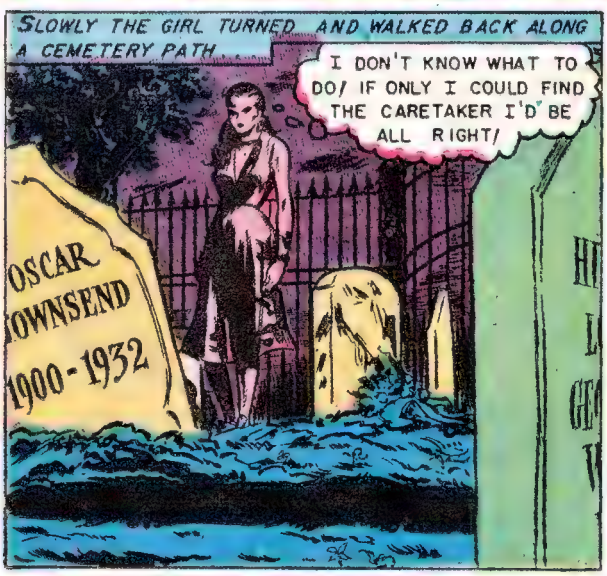
AS THE CLOCK STRUCK MIDNIGHT, THE DOCTOR, WHO HAD JUST RE-TURNED FROM A CALL, RECEIVED A VISITOR/
LOOK, DOC, I JUST STOPPED BY ON MY WAY HOME TO FIND OUT IF YOU REALLY BELIEVED THAT VAMPIRE STUFF COLLIS PULLED ON ME TODAY/

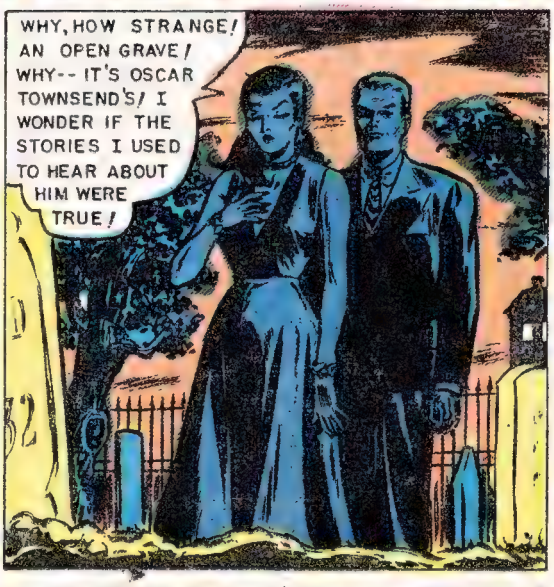

I THINK I DO, CHIEF/ LIKE COLLIS, I'VE HAD A LOOK AT EVERY ONE WHO HAS BEEN KILLED IN THE CEMETERY FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS... AND EACH OF THEM HAS BEEN COMPLETELY DRAINED OF BLOOD/

IT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO THAT WE BURIED OSCAR TOWNSEND/ THESE DEATHS IN THE CEMETERY BEGAN A FEW WEEKS AFTER OSCAR TOWNSEND'S FUNERAL/
OSCAR TOWNSEND! I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE TOWNSENDS!


WHILE THE DOCTOR AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE TALKED, THE STILLNESS OF THE CEMETERY WAS DISTURBED BY MORE THAN THE CHIMES OF MIDNIGHT. A SLIM FIGURE WALKED THE PATHS BETWEEN THE GRAVES, AND THEN HURRIED TOWARD THE GATE!

I - I'M LOCKED IN! AND I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THE CARETAKER AROUND! NO ONE CAN GET IN AND NO ONE CAN GET OUT!


SLOWLY THE GIRL TURNED AND WALKED BACK ALONG A CEMETERY PATH...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE CARETAKER I'D BE ALL RIGHT!
OSCAR
OWNSEND
1900-1932


WHY, HOW STRANGE! AN OPEN GRAVE! WHY-- IT'S OSCAR TOWNSEND'S! I WONDER IF THE STORIES I USED TO HEAR ABOUT HIM WERE TRUE!

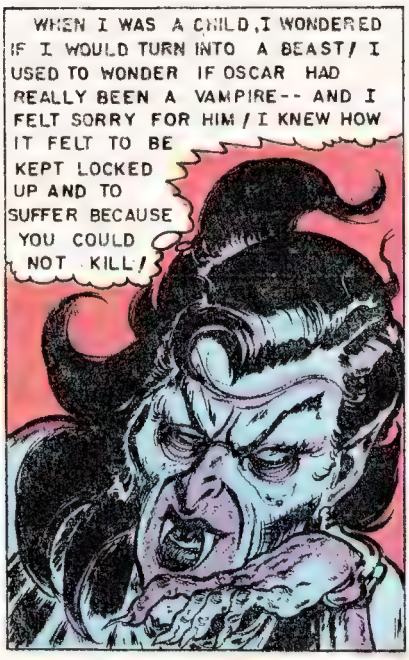
SUDDENLY, SHE BECAME AWARE OF THE FIGURE BEHIND HER...
EEEEK! YOU STARTLED ME! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
I'M SORRY I FRIGHTENED YOU-- BUT HOW DID YOU GET INTO THE CEMETERY-- AND WHY ARE YOU STANDING BESIDE THAT GRAVE?

IT'S QUITE EASY TO GET INTO THE CEMETERY--BUT IT SEEMS THAT IT IS MUCH HARDER TO GET OUT! I WAS STANDING HERE WONDERING WHERE THE BODY OF OSCAR TOWNSEND WAS!

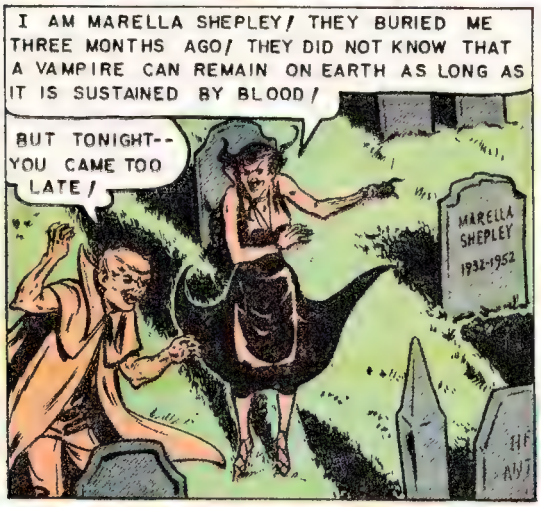
BUT HOW DID YOU GET IN? NOT THAT IT MATTERS! I'M VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU!
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, TOO! DID YOU KNOW OSCAR TOWNSEND?
OSC
TOWN
1900
4

NO, HE DIED BEFORE I WAS BORN / BUT I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT HIM / EVERYBODY USED TO SAY THERE WAS A CURSE ON THE TOWNSEND FAMILY, AND THAT ONE IN EVERY GENERATION WAS A VAMPIRE!
DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?
I DON'T KNOW / I USED TO HEAR PEOPLE SAY IT WAS A GOOD THING HE DIED WHEN THE TOWNSEND HOUSE BURNED DOWN, AND THAT HE WAS THE LAST OF HIS FAMILY / BUT NOW--I'M WONDERING WHERE HIS BODY IS--AND WHY HIS GRAVE IS OPEN!
MAYBE THE CEMETERY AUTHORITIES HEARD THE STORIES ABOUT HIM BEING A VAMPIRE AND REMOVED HIS BODY!
I'LL BET THAT'S IT / THEY SAY THEY USED TO KEEP OSCAR LOCKED IN HIS ROOM TO KEEP HIM FROM HURTING ANYONE / AND I GUESS HE LOOKED LIKE A BEAST!
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?
IT WAS STRANGE THAT THE TWO WHO HAD FOUND EACH OTHER IN THE CEMETERY THAT MIDNIGHT DID NOT FEEL THE AMUSED EYES OF THE DEAD UPON THEM!
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE REALLY LOOKED / I ALWAYS WONDERED!
IT'S NICE OF YOU TO THINK ABOUT THE POOR GUY / YOU KNOW--YOU'RE AN UNUSUAL GIRL / I LIKE TALKING TO YOU!
THAT'S STRANGE--SO DO I / IT'S NICE JUST SITTING HERE FOR A WHILE--EVEN IF IT CAN'T LAST!
BECAUSE IT CAN'T LAST, OF COURSE / YOU MUST GO--GET OUT OF THE CEMETERY--AND--DON'T COME BACK!
WAIT / WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME!
THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT KEPT ME FROM SINKING MY TEETH IN HIS THROAT / AND YET, I MUST FIND A VICTIM BEFORE DAWN OR I AM DOOMED! THE CARETAKER.. HE MUST BE AROUND SOMEWHERE!

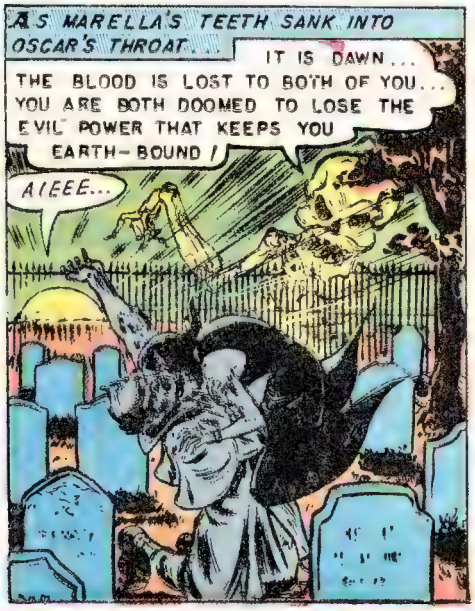
THE CARETAKER / DEAD/ THEN-- OSCAR TOWNSEND REALLY WAS A VAMPIRE, AND HAS THE POWER TO LEAVE HIS GRAVE, JUST AS I HAVE/
HE'S SOMEWHERE WANDERING AROUND THE CEMETERY/ HE'LL GET THAT MAN I WAS TALKING TO/ NOW IF I DO NOT HURRY OSCAR WILL GET HIM AHEAD OF ME/
I MUST FIND HIM/ THE STRANGER/ BLOOD... I MUST HAVE BLOOD... IT IS ALL THAT KEEPS ME AMONG THE LIVING DEAD/
WHILE THE VAMPIRE GIRL STARTED ON HER FRANTIC SEARCH, OSCAR TOWNSEND WAS BEING DISCUSSED/
I WAS THE TOWNSENDS' DOCTOR/ OSCAR TOWNSEND WAS A GOOD-LOOKING BOY-- BUT WHEN THE SPELLS CAME OVER HIM HE TURNED INTO A BEAST/
WHEN HIS FATHER DIED HE MADE ME THE BOY'S GUARDIAN/ HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE VAMPIRE CURSE THAT FOLLOWED THOSE IN THE FAMILY/ SO I KEPT THE BOY LOCKED IN THE HOUSE WITH ATTENDANTS WATCHING HIM-- AND WHEN THE BUILDING BURNED, OSCAR DIED IN THE FLAMES/
IT WAS A SAD CASE-- BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER ONE SOMETHING LIKE IT IN TOWN/ MARELLA SHEPLEY / WHEN HER PARENTS REALIZED SHE WAS A VAMPIRE, THEY KEPT HER LOCKED IN HER ROOM-- AND WHEN SHE TRIED TO CLIMB OUT THE WINDOW SHE FELL/ THEY BURIED HER IN THE CEMETERY THREE MONTHS AGO/
I STILL THINK IT'S A LOT OF RUBBISH/
MEANWHILE...
AH, THERE HE IS/ HE'S BACK LOOKING AT OSCAR TOWNSEND'S GRAVE/
HOR
ST
16
6


WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I WONDERED IF I WOULD TURN INTO A BEAST/ I USED TO WONDER IF OSCAR HAD REALLY BEEN A VAMPIRE-- AND I FELT SORRY FOR HIM/ I KNEW HOW IT FELT TO BE KEPT LOCKED UP AND TO SUFFER BECAUSE YOU COULD NOT KILL/

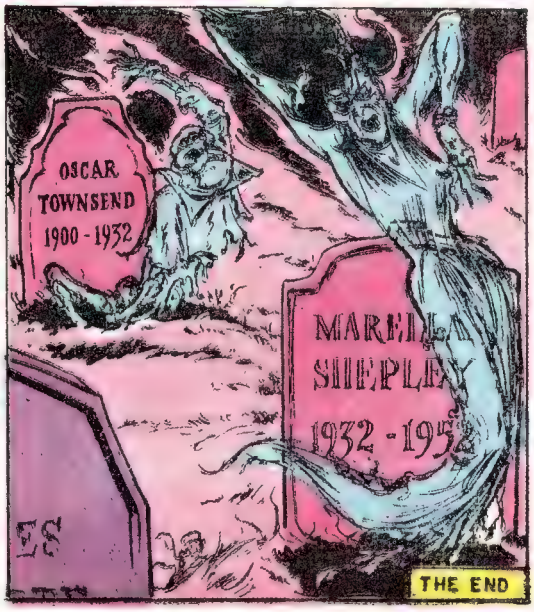
AS THE GIRL SPRANG, THE MAN TURNED...
YOU ARE OSCAR TOWNSEND-- AND -- AND I NEVER SUSPECTED/
WHO ARE YOU? NO-- NO--YOU CAN'T BE THE GIRL I SAW HERE BEFORE/


I AM MARELLA SHEPLEY/ THEY BURIED ME THREE MONTHS AGO/ THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT A VAMPIRE CAN REMAIN ON EARTH AS LONG AS IT IS SUSTAINED BY BLOOD/
BUT TONIGHT-- YOU CAME TOO LATE/
MARELLA SHEPLEY 1932-1952

IT IS JUST AS WELL... HA...HA...THERE MIGHT NOT BE ENOUGH BLOOD FOR TWO VAMPIRES IN ELDEN CEMETERY/ TONIGHT --WHEN I THOUGHT YOU WERE HUMAN I SPARED YOU BECAUSE I HAD ALREADY DRUNK THE BLOOD OF THE CARETAKER/
TONIGHT I TOO WAS GENEROUS WHEN I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THE LIVING/ BUT NOW-- I SHALL DRAIN THE CARE-TAKER'S BLOOD FROM YOU FOR MYSELF/

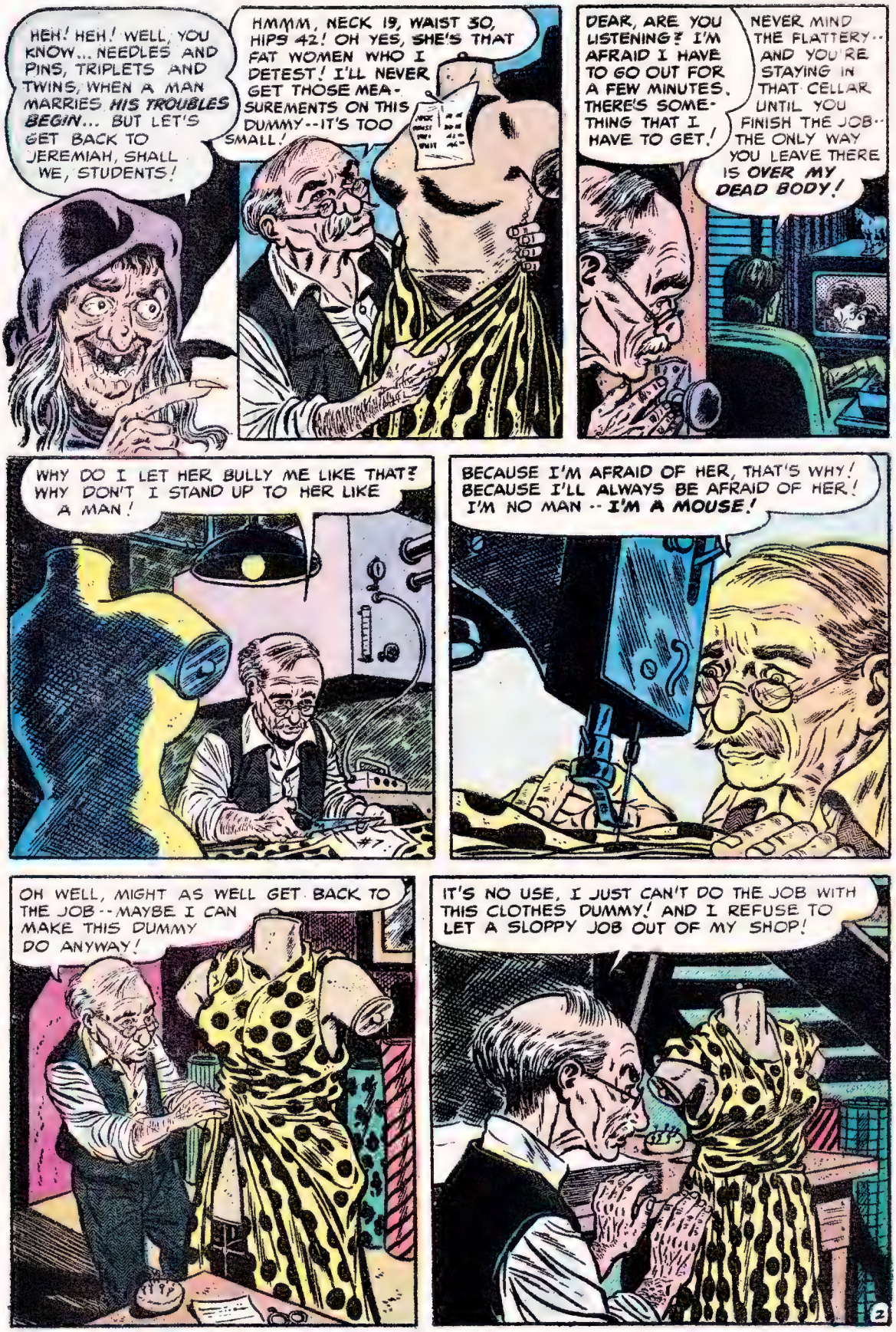

AS MARELLA'S TEETH SANK INTO OSCAR'S THROAT...
IT IS DAWN... THE BLOOD IS LOST TO BOTH OF YOU... YOU ARE BOTH DOOMED TO LOSE THE EVIL POWER THAT KEEPS YOU EARTH-BOUND/
AIEEE...

THAT WAS A LUCKY NIGHT FOR ELDEN-- THE NIGHT THAT TWO VAMPIRES MET IN THEIR LONELY MIDNIGHT PROWL-- BECAUSE NOW THEY WILL WALK NO MORE. YOU MAY UNLOCK THE CEMETERY GATES NOW, CHIEF. THE UNQUIET DEAD ARE STILL-- FOREVER/



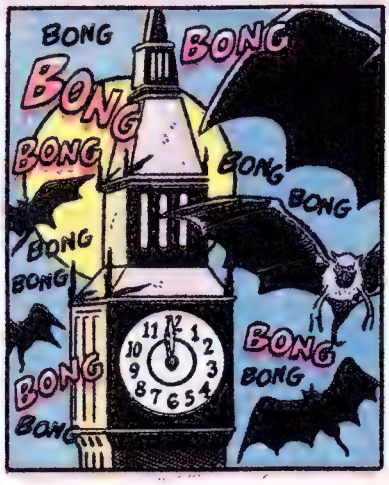
WELCOME, STUDENTS... WELCOME TO CLASS! THIS IS THE GHOUL TEACHER, YOUR EERIE-EDUCATOR! LET'S SEE, WHERE SHALL WE BEGIN OUR LESSONS TODAY? OHH, I KNOW... WITH A TORTUROUS TALE ABOUT A TAILOR WHO HAD TO STRIKE...
WHILE THE IRON WAS HOT!
GEE IT'S KEEN, MR. JEREMIAH -- AND I'LL BE THE STAR OF THE PLAY, WON'T I?
YES, YES, OF COURSE -- NOW HOLD STILL, NANCY -- JUST A FEW MORE STITCHES AND IT WILL BE ALL FINISHED!
WHAT ABOUT ME? MY COSTUME IS JUST AS GOOD AS YOURS!
MORTELLARO
BUT ALL WAS NOT BEER AND SKITTLES WITH JEREMIAH CRUMP... NOT WITH A WIFE LIKE MAMIE!
C'MON, YOU BRATS, GET OUTA HERE! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM MR. CRUMP!
BUT MAMIE -- THEY WEREN'T DOING ANY HARM!
DON'T BUT ME, JEREMIAH CRUMP! WHAT ARE YOU WASTING TIME ON THOSE KIDS FOR WHEN YOU'VE GOT A PAYING JOB FROM THAT FAT MRS. RUSH FROM UPTOWN! BAH, I HAD TO GO AND MARRY A TAILOR!
BUT I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP THE CHILDREN WITH THEIR COSTUMES -- IT WOULD ONLY HAVE TAKEN A FEW MINUTES!

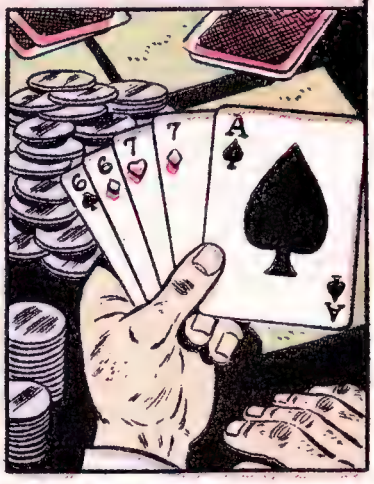
Weird Mysteries #12, September 1954. Art: Tony Mortellaro. Publisher: Stanley Morse.


HEH! HEH! WELL, YOU KNOW... NEEDLES AND PINS, TRIPLETS AND TWINS, WHEN A MAN MARRIES HIS TROUBLES BEGIN... BUT LET'S GET BACK TO JEREMIAH, SHALL WE, STUDENTS!
HMMM, NECK 19, WAIST 30, HIPS 42! OH YES, SHE'S THAT FAT WOMEN WHO I DETEST! I'LL NEVER GET THOSE MEASUREMENTS ON THIS DUMMY--IT'S TOO SMALL!
DEAR, ARE YOU LISTENING? I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO GO OUT FOR A FEW MINUTES. THERE'S SOMETHING THAT I HAVE TO GET!
NEVER MIND THE FLATTERY-- AND YOU'RE STAYING IN THAT CELLAR UNTIL YOU FINISH THE JOB-- THE ONLY WAY YOU LEAVE THERE IS OVER MY DEAD BODY!
WHY DO I LET HER BULLY ME LIKE THAT? WHY DON'T I STAND UP TO HER LIKE A MAN!
BECAUSE I'M AFRAID OF HER, THAT'S WHY! BECAUSE I'LL ALWAYS BE AFRAID OF HER! I'M NO MAN -- I'M A MOUSE!
OH WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO THE JOB--MAYBE I CAN MAKE THIS DUMMY DO ANYWAY!
IT'S NO USE, I JUST CAN'T DO THE JOB WITH THIS CLOTHES DUMMY! AND I REFUSE TO LET A SLOPPY JOB OUT OF MY SHOP!

I'VE GOT TO GO OUT, MAMIE -- I'VE --
YOU'RE STAYING DOWN IN THAT CELLAR UNTIL YOU FINISH THAT DRESS! I TOLD YOU BEFORE, THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN LEAVE IS OVER MY DEAD BODY! NOW GET BACK TO WORK!
WHY DON'T I STAND UP TO HER! THAT DRESS CAN'T GO OUT LOOKING LIKE THAT!
I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND GET ANOTHER DUMMY! I'VE GOT TO ...!
SHE GAVE ME THE ANSWER! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF HERE -- THAT'S OVER HER DEAD BODY!
3

SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY A DOG BAYED AT THE MOON... BATS SCURRIED OUT OF A STEEPLE AS THE CLOCK CHIMED MIDNIGHT... AN ACE OF SPADES WAS DEALT...SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY A **DEATH** WAS OCCURRING!

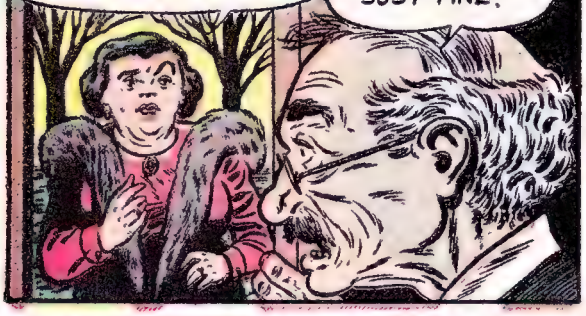


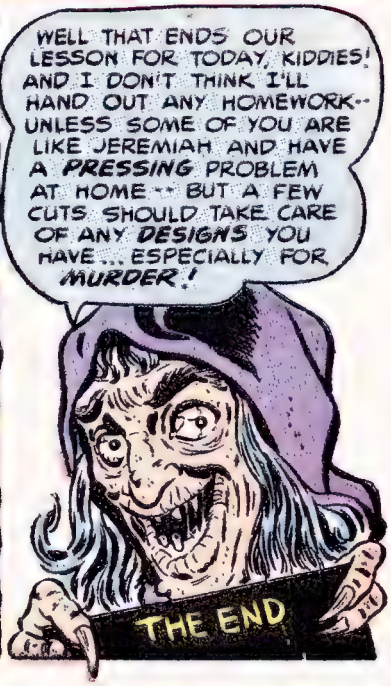


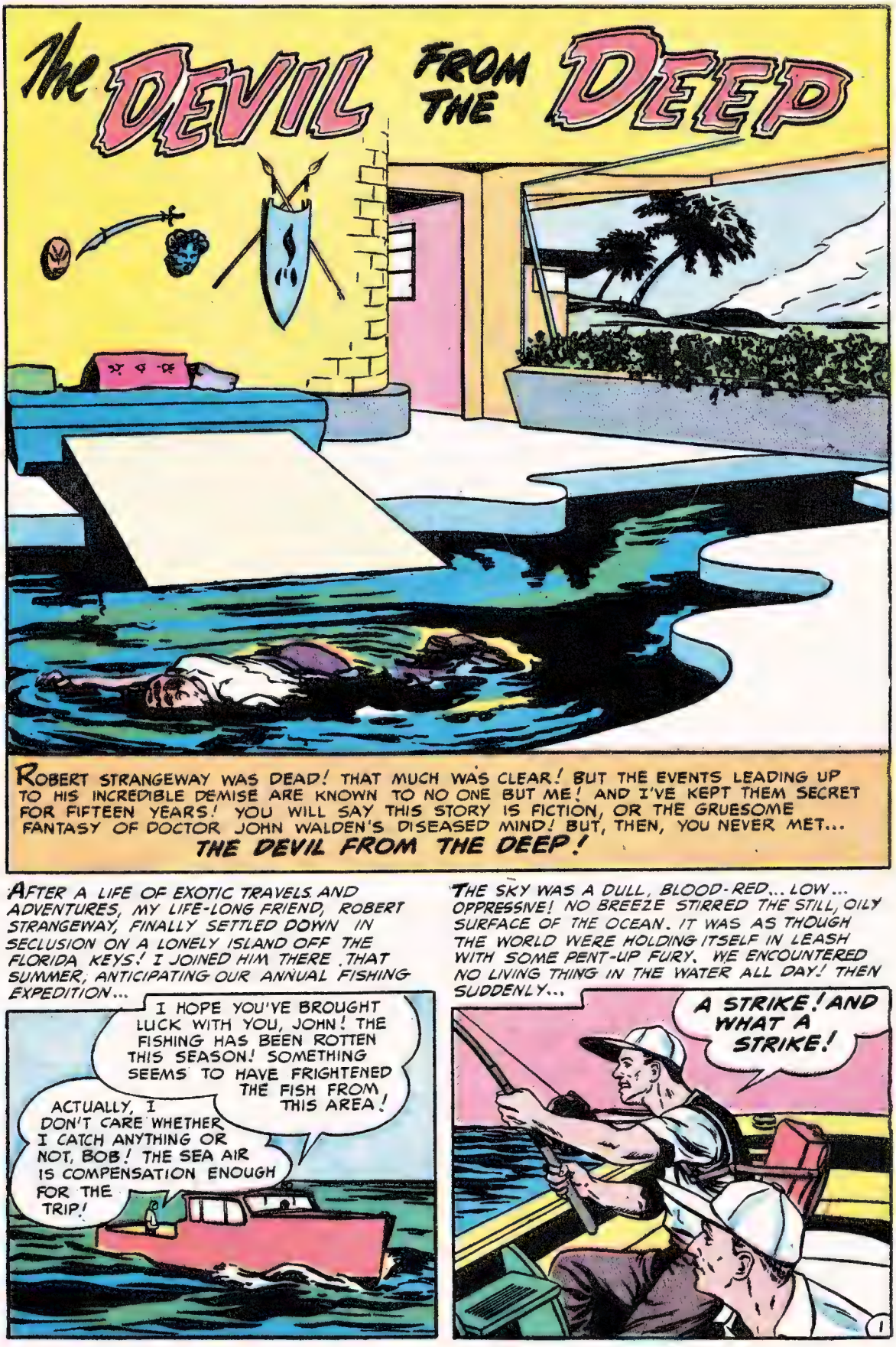
AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

HELLO, MR. CRUMP, I'VE COME TO PICK UP THAT DRESS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON -- IT SHOULD BE FINISHED BY NOW!

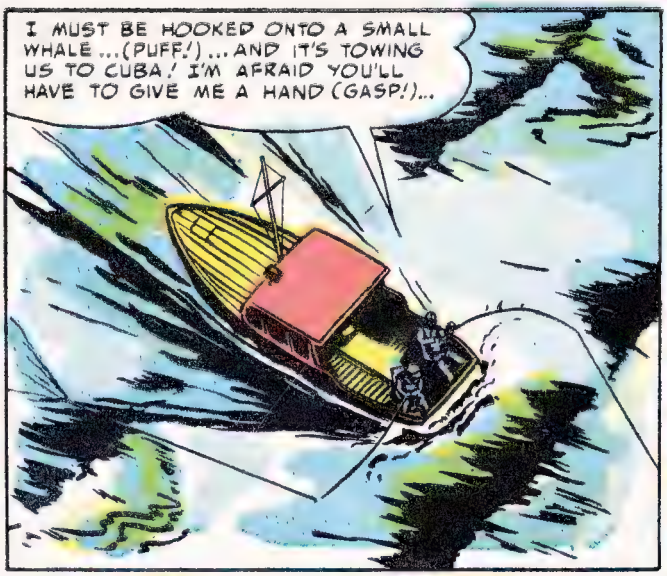
ER, OH YES, IT'S FINISHED... I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE GETTING A DUMMY BUT EVERYTHING WORKED OUT JUST FINE!

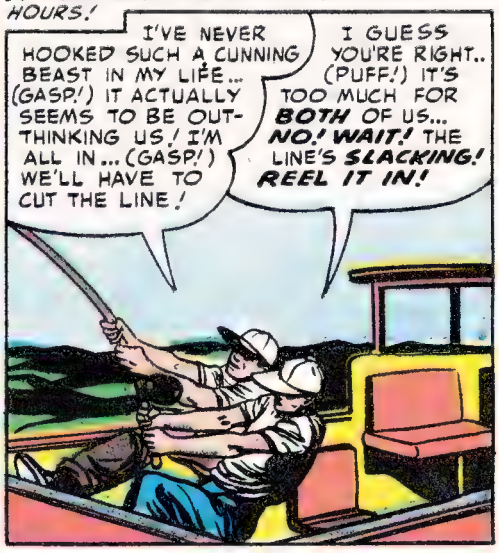


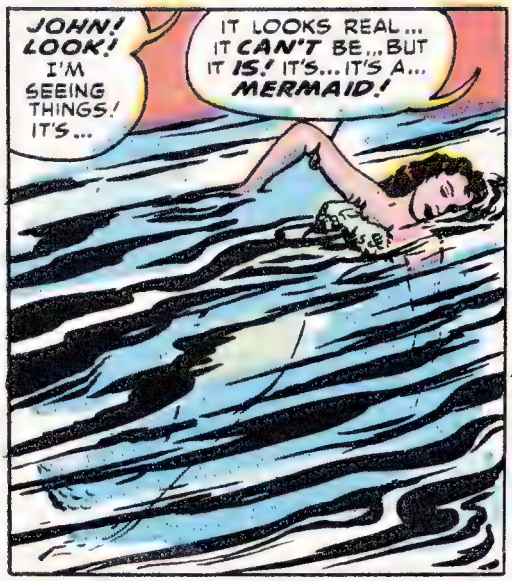

WELL THAT ENDS OUR LESSON FOR TODAY, KIDDIES! AND I DON'T THINK I'LL HAND OUT ANY HOMEWORK -- UNLESS SOME OF YOU ARE LIKE JEREMIAH AND HAVE A **PRESSING** PROBLEM AT HOME -- BUT A FEW CUTS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF ANY **DESIGNS** YOU HAVE... ESPECIALLY FOR **MURDER!**
THE END

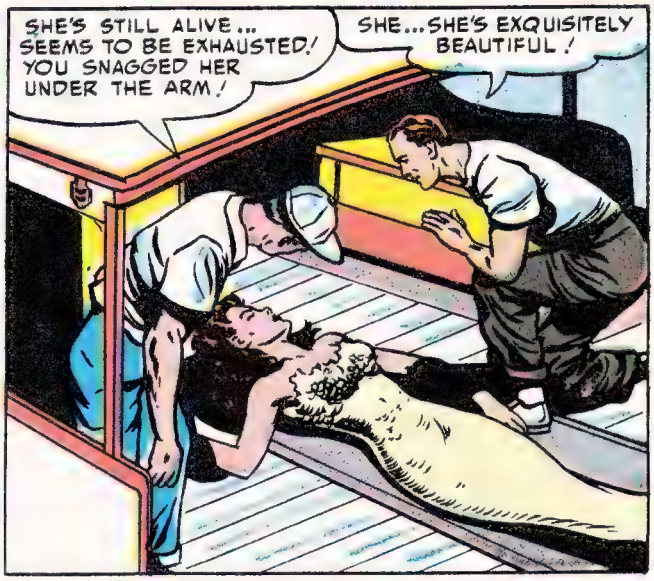

The DEVIL FROM THE DEEP
ROBERT STRANGEWAY WAS DEAD! THAT MUCH WAS CLEAR! BUT THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO HIS INCREDIBLE DEMISE ARE KNOWN TO NO ONE BUT ME! AND I'VE KEPT THEM SECRET FOR FIFTEEN YEARS! YOU WILL SAY THIS STORY IS FICTION, OR THE GRUESOME FANTASY OF DOCTOR JOHN WALDEN'S DISEASED MIND! BUT, THEN, YOU NEVER MET...
THE DEVIL FROM THE DEEP!
AFTER A LIFE OF EXOTIC TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES, MY LIFE-LONG FRIEND, ROBERT STRANGEWAY, FINALLY SETTLED DOWN IN SECLUSION ON A LONELY ISLAND OFF THE FLORIDA KEYS! I JOINED HIM THERE THAT SUMMER, ANTICIPATING OUR ANNUAL FISHING EXPEDITION...
I HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT LUCK WITH YOU, JOHN! THE FISHING HAS BEEN ROTTEN THIS SEASON! SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE FRIGHTENED THE FISH FROM THIS AREA!
ACTUALLY, I DON'T CARE WHETHER I CATCH ANYTHING OR NOT, BOB! THE SEA AIR IS COMPENSATION ENOUGH FOR THE TRIP!
THE SKY WAS A DULL, BLOOD-RED... LOW... OPPRESSIVE! NO BREEZE STIRRED THE STILL, OILY SURFACE OF THE OCEAN. IT WAS AS THOUGH THE WORLD WERE HOLDING ITSELF IN LEASH WITH SOME PENT-UP FURY. WE ENCOUNTERED NO LIVING THING IN THE WATER ALL DAY! THEN SUDDENLY...
A STRIKE! AND WHAT A STRIKE!
1

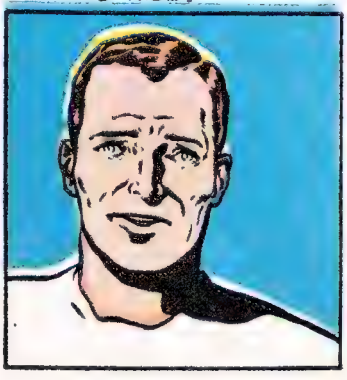
Nightmare #2, Fall 1952. Art: Lee J. Ames. Publisher: Ziff-Davis.


I MUST BE HOOKED ONTO A SMALL WHALE ...(PUFF!) ...AND IT'S TOWING US TO CUBA! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME A HAND (GASP!)...


WE BATTLED OUR CATCH FOR THREE HOURS!
I'VE NEVER HOOKED SUCH A CUNNING BEAST IN MY LIFE... (GASP!) IT ACTUALLY SEEMS TO BE OUT-THINKING US! I'M ALL IN... (GASP!) WE'LL HAVE TO CUT THE LINE!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.. (PUFF!) IT'S TOO MUCH FOR BOTH OF US... NO! WAIT! THE LINE'S SLACKING! REEL IT IN!


JOHN! LOOK! I'M SEEING THINGS! IT'S...
IT LOOKS REAL... IT CAN'T BE... BUT IT IS! IT'S... IT'S A... MERMAID!


SHE'S STILL ALIVE... SEEMS TO BE EXHAUSTED! YOU SNAGGED HER UNDER THE ARM!
SHE... SHE'S EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL!


IT TOOK A FEW SECONDS FOR THE TONE IN ROBERT'S VOICE TO CUT THROUGH MY EXCITED SCIENTIFIC CURIOUSITY! I LOOKED AT HIM DUMBFOUNDED! THERE WAS AN AWESOME, ENTRANCED LOOK ON HIS FACE WHICH MADE MY HACKLES RISE!

BOB! BOB! SNAP OUT OF IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO SHORE QUICKLY IF SHE'S TO BE KEPT ALIVE! WHAT'S EATING YOU?
EH? OH... NOTHING! I... I'LL START BACK IMMEDIATELY!

THE RETURN TRIP SHOULD HAVE WARNED ME! I WATCHED ROBERT IN HIS WEIRD TRANCE, AND HE DID NOT TAKE HIS INTENSE BLAZING EYES OFF THE MERMAID!
TAKE HER TO THE POOL! I'LL GET MY MEDICAL BAG!

SHE WAS CONSCIOUS WHEN I REACHED THE POOL!

I DON'T LIKE IT! BOB'S LOOKING AT HER AS THOUGH HE'S HYPNOTIZED! WHAT SORT OF STRANGE UNEARTHLY CREATURE IS THIS?

HOW IS SHE, BOB?

MAGNIFICENT! I'VE NAMED HER DIANA... GODDESS OF THE HUNT!

I TOOK MY FISHING TRIPS ALONE AFTER THAT! ROBERT WAS UNDER SOME DIABOLICAL SPELL, MAKING IT QUESTIONABLE AS TO WHICH ONE WAS THE CAPTOR AND WHICH THE CAPTIVE! IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, HE TAUGHT HER TO SPEAK!

COME, BOB, I RACE YOU!

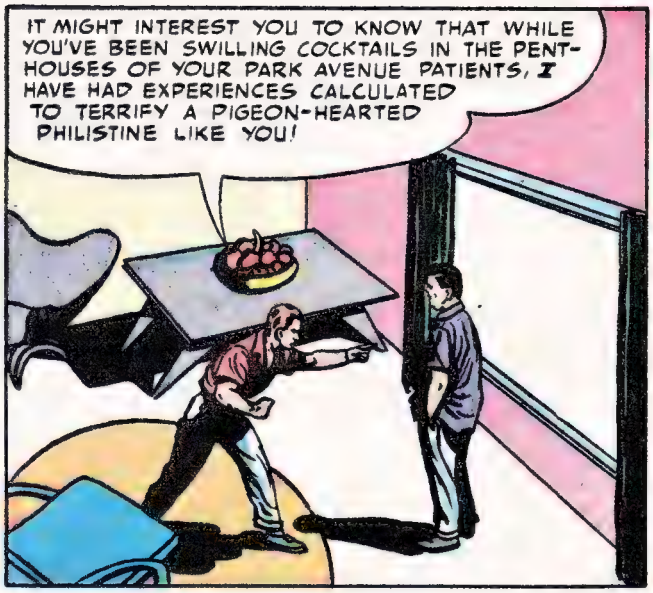
DIANA... YOU'VE KNOWN IT SINCE THAT FIRST DAY... I LOVE YOU... WE'VE LOVED EACH OTHER SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, WHEN MAN FIRST CRAWLED OUT OF THE SEA! AND EVEN BEFORE THAT, OUR LOVE WAS A TANGIBLE THING!

BOB MUST BE LOSING HIS MIND! HE SEEMS TO HAVE LOST SIGHT, COMPLETELY, OF THE NATURE OF THIS BIOLOGICAL CURIOSITY THAT HE LOVES! I CAN'T JUST STAND BY AND DO NOTHING!

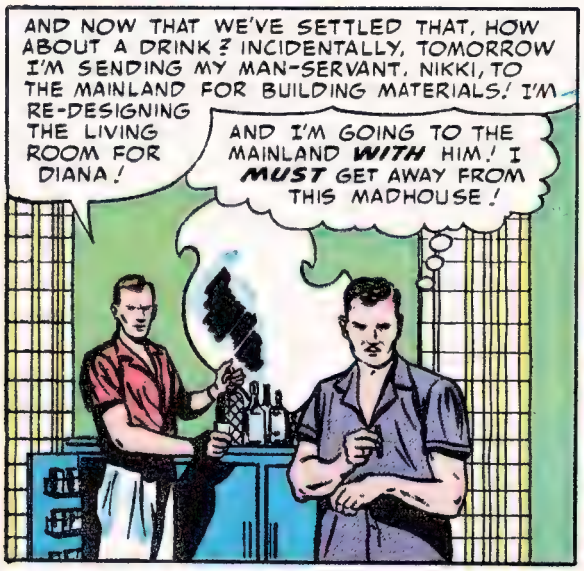
THAT NIGHT I TRIED TO JOLT ROBERT BACK TO HIS SENSES!

BOB, I'M TRYING TO BE OBJECTIVE AND TO IGNORE THIS AFTERNOON... WHICH WAS LOATHSOME TO ME! YOU SEEM TO HAVE LOST ALL REASON! DON'T YOU SEE THAT YOU'RE GETTING INVOLVED IN SOMETHING INCREDIBLY DANGEROUS?

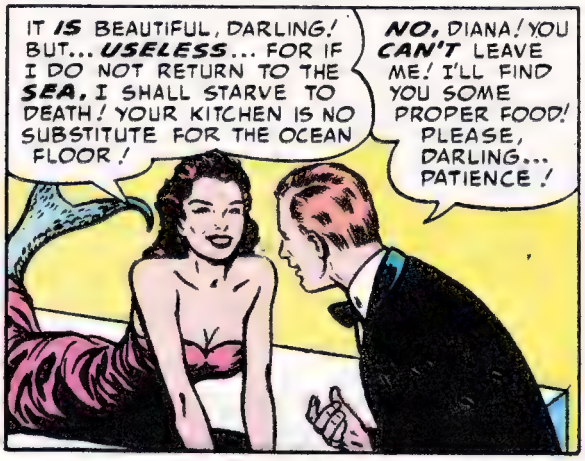
DON'T BE A CHILD, JOHN!


IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT WHILE YOU'VE BEEN SWILLING COCKTAILS IN THE PENT-HOUSES OF YOUR PARK AVENUE PATIENTS, I HAVE HAD EXPERIENCES CALCULATED TO TERRIFY A PIGEON-HEARTED PHILISTINE LIKE YOU!

YOU ARE MY GUEST HERE, AND WELCOME! BUT BELIEVE ME, JOHN, I LOVE DIANA TO MY VERY MARROW, AND IF YOU MAKE A MOVE TO INTERFERE, I'LL SQUASH YOU... AS I WOULD... AN ANT!


AND NOW THAT WE'VE SETTLED THAT, HOW ABOUT A DRINK? INCIDENTALLY, TOMORROW I'M SENDING MY MAN-SERVANT, NIKKI, TO THE MAINLAND FOR BUILDING MATERIALS! I'M RE-DESIGNING THE LIVING ROOM FOR DIANA!
AND I'M GOING TO THE MAINLAND WITH HIM! I MUST GET AWAY FROM THIS MADHOUSE!

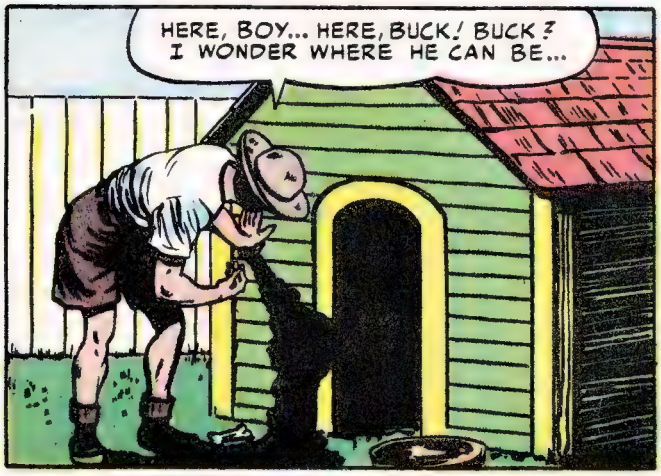
BUT I DIDN'T GO! SOMEHOW I KEPT CLINGING TO THE REMOTE HOPE THAT I COULD PULL ROBERT OUT OF DIANA'S SEEMINGLY HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE! SOME WEEKS LATER WE CELEBRATED THE FINISHED WORK ON THE LIVING ROOM!


IT IS BEAUTIFUL, DARLING! BUT... USELESS... FOR IF I DO NOT RETURN TO THE SEA, I SHALL STARVE TO DEATH! YOUR KITCHEN IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE OCEAN FLOOR!
NO, DIANA! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME! I'LL FIND YOU SOME PROPER FOOD! PLEASE, DARLING... PATIENCE!

I'VE NOTICED THAT YOU'VE NOT BEEN EATING THE FISH AND PLANT LIFE WE'VE GIVEN YOU... SO I HAD NIKKI PREPARE SOMETHING NEW FOR YOU TO TRY! IT'S CALLED... MEAT!

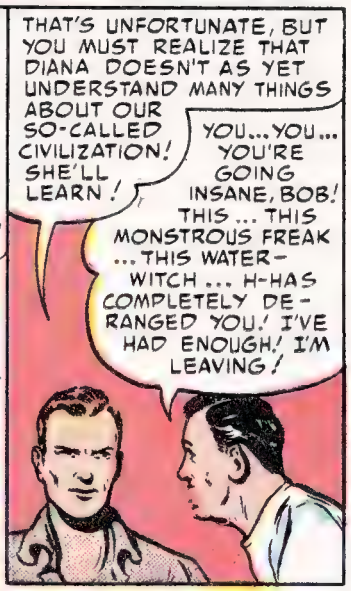
I WATCHED ENTRANCED AS DIANA'S SHARP LITTLE TEETH TORE INTO THE STEAK! HER PRISTINE BEAUTY COULD NOT HIDE THE PRIMEVAL SAVAGERY IN HER EYES!

I TRIED TO FORGET THE SICKENING IMPRESSION THAT MEAL HAD MADE ON ME! BUT NEXT MORNING, WHEN I WENT TO TAKE BUCK, ROBERT'S HANDSOME GREAT DANE, FOR OUR MORNING WALK...



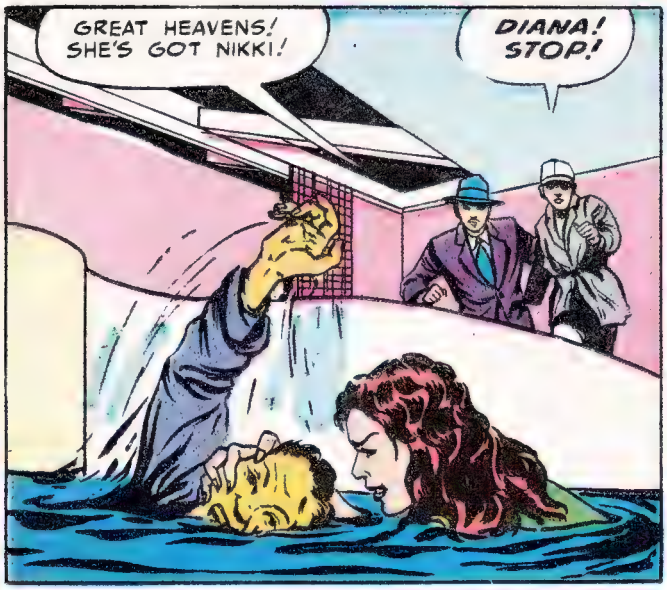
AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH I FINALLY FOUND BUCK... OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN?
WHAT'S THE MATTER? THIS... GHOUL... HAS JUST DEVOURED YOUR DOG! I FEEL LIKE RETCHING! YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER! SEND HER BACK WHERE YOU FOUND HER!


THAT'S UNFORTUNATE, BUT YOU MUST REALIZE THAT DIANA DOESN'T AS YET UNDERSTAND MANY THINGS ABOUT OUR SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION! SHE'LL LEARN!
YOU... YOU... YOU'RE GOING INSANE, BOB! THIS... THIS MONSTROUS FREAK ...THIS WATER-WITCH ... H-HAS COMPLETELY DE-RANGED YOU! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M LEAVING!

GET OFF THIS ISLAND BEFORE I TEAR YOU TO SHREDS WITH MY BARE HANDS! THE BOAT WILL BE READY TO LEAVE IN TEN MINUTES! SEE THAT YOU ARE, TOO!

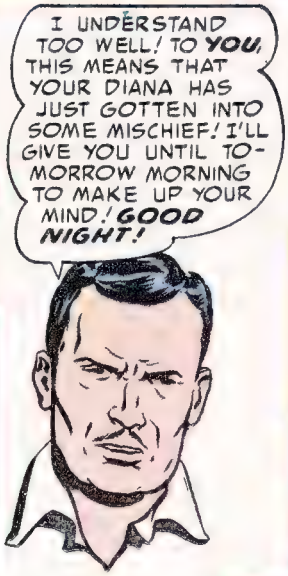
IN SPITE OF MY CONTINUING FEELING OF DESPAIR FOR MY OLD FRIEND, THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT LEAVE! I MADE IT TO THE BOAT IN EIGHT MINUTES, BUT JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO SHOVE OFF...



I PULLED HIM OUT... BUT WE WERE TOO LATE!

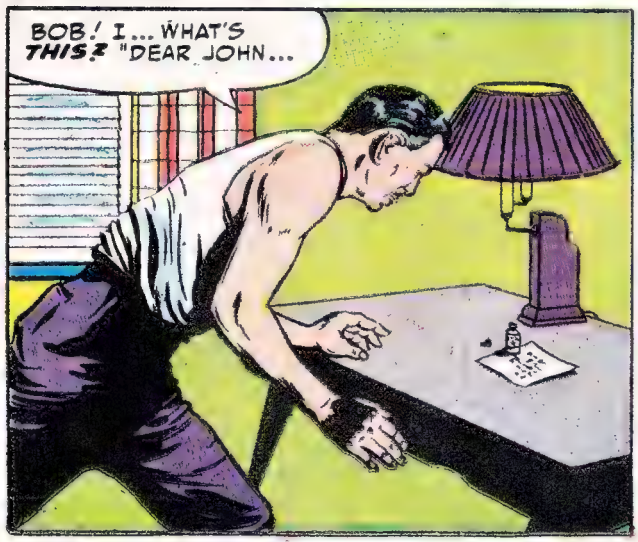
AFTER BURYING NIKKI, I FOLLOWED ROBERT TO HIS ROOM!

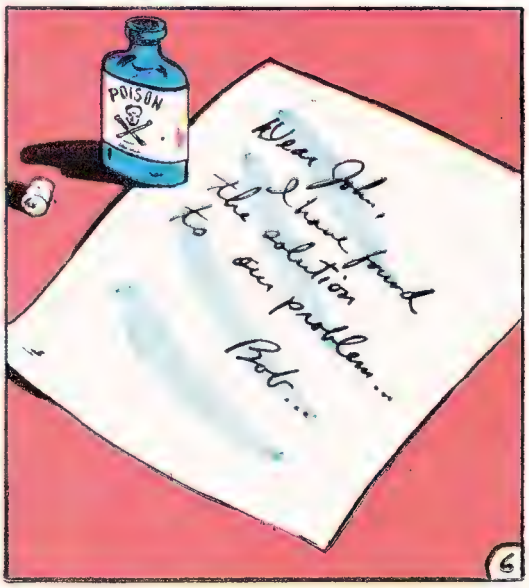
I WARNED YOU, BOB! SHE'S A GRISLY... CANNIBAL! THIS IS NO LONGER YOUR PRIVATE AFFAIR! IT'S A FIENDISH MURDER! EITHER YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT DIANA, OR I GO TO THE POLICE!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT, JOHN! YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME! PLEASE!


I UNDERSTAND TOO WELL! TO YOU, THIS MEANS THAT YOUR DIANA HAS JUST GOTTEN INTO SOME MISCHIEF! I'LL GIVE YOU UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND! GOOD NIGHT!

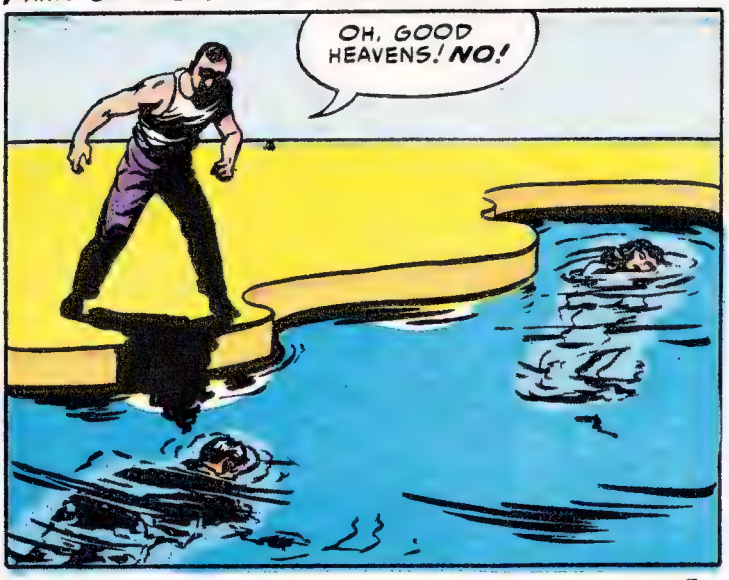
I LAY AWAKE FOR HOURS LISTENING TO ROBERT'S PACING NEXT DOOR! I FINALLY LAPSED INTO A NIGHTMARISH DOZE! I WAS SHOCKED AWAKE BY A SIXTH SENSE... A PREMONITION OF DOOM!

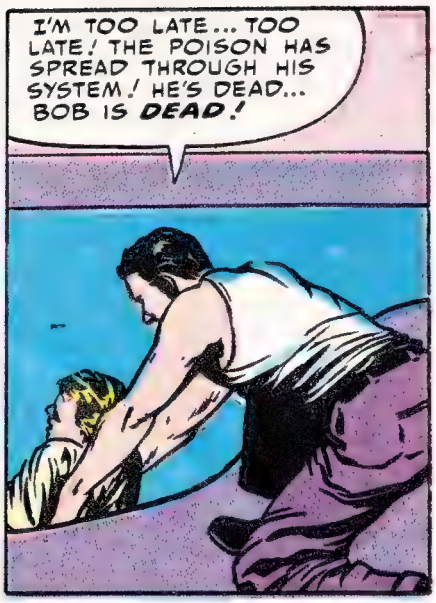
I RUSHED TO ROBERT'S ROOM! HE WAS GONE... BUT A NOTE WAS ON HIS DESK!



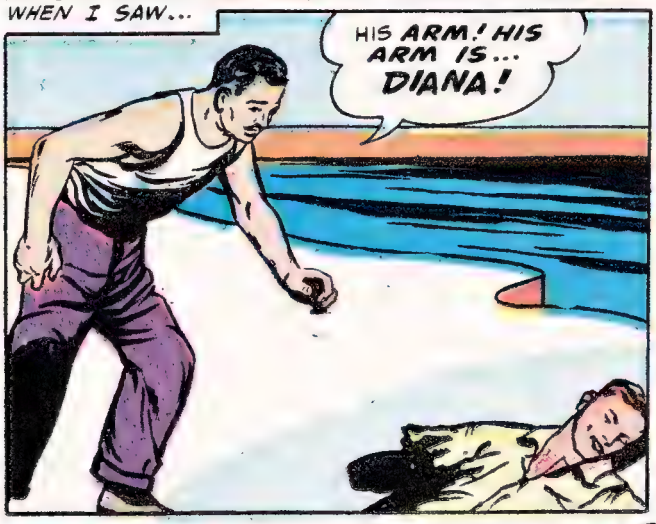


PANIC-STRICKEN, I RACED TO DIANA'S POOL!





I CRIED SHAMELESSLY AT THIS WANTON LOSS OF MY OLD FRIEND! BUT ANGUISH TURNED TO RAGE WHEN I SAW...



I WENT MAD! I REMEMBER, BLINDLY, TEARING A KRIS FROM THE WALL!

BUT I NEVER STRUCK THAT BLOW, FOR ROBERT HAD ACCOMPLISHED, IN DEATH, WHAT HE COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO DO, IN LIFE! HIS POISONED FLESH HAD KILLED HER JUST AS SURELY AS THE VIAL OF POISON, ITSELF, WOULD HAVE DONE!

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• YOU ALSO SNORE DARLING!
• A BEAUTIFUL BOOTY!
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